

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SEARCH AMONG THE SLAIN.

The following was suggested by the fact of the body of a soldier being found with an open Bible pressed to his heart :—

SILENT the thundering cannon's roar,
And the white smoke above the field
Hung, like the mist, the mountains o'er
When morning's glories are revealed.

Knapsack and caisson here and there—
The broken sword and bayonet
Gleam, sad memorials, that here,
Legions, in hostile strife, have met.

The rank grass broken, burnt, and stained
Plowed, by the charger's maddened hoof,
Show where the onset was sustained ;
And the last struggles' mournful proof.

Here lies a shivered banner spear,
And there the gallant bearer's form ;
The fragments of the standard dear,
Might not from his cold grasp be torn.

And yonder droops a withered tree,
Its garlands blackened, where the shell,
Bearing its terrible decree,
Beneath its summer beauty fell.

At length we found him—sweetly now
The first bright signs of peace appear
'Mid wrath and thunder, on his brow
Death's hand had pressed the signet here.

His hand, across his bosom flung,
Still pressed his open Bible there ;
While life blood from that bosom wrung,
In crimson dyed the promise fair.

Dying upon the battle field ;
Thy home—thy kindred far away,
Did yonder volume manna yield ?
Gilding life's last and saddest day.

Rest, noble sleeper ! hear no more
Yon distant bugle's summons shrill,
Thy fight and victory are o'er,
But Jesus is thy captain still !

M. J. BISHOP.

—Transcript.

SONG OF NEW ENGLAND SPRING BIRDS.

WHEN Robin, Swallow, Trush, and Wren,
From "way down South" had come again,
I roamed through field and wood to see
If birds, like men, could "Rebels" be ;
I wondered if their tiny throats
Would circulate secession "notes ;"
I think, may be, my thoughts they knew,
So what they sang, I'll sing to you.

First rising from a sedgy brook,
The stump, bold Bob-o' Lincoln took ;

"Well now, I guess I'm glad," said he,
"For my free speech a stump to see ;
They could'nt hold me in the mesh
Of that strange net they call 'Secesh ;'
To keep me down they need'nt think on,—
Hurrah ! for Bob-and-Abram-Lincoln !"

The Robin Red-breast sang his song ;
"Ah me ! I've seen such fearful wrong !
I thought at first the storm would clear up,
But soon I had no heart to 'chirrup !'
The 'Sunny South' is fine, I know,
When Northern hills are white with snow ;
But oh, 'tis full of grief and pain !
Cheer up ! chirrup I'm home again."

The Wren piped forth her tiny cry ;
"A little thing, I know am I ;—
But small, weak things, like you and me,
My sister Sparrow, love the free !"
The Sparrow heard the lowly call,
And said, "who heeds the sparrows' fall,
And keeps them always in His sight,
Shall hear me sing 'God speed the Right !'"

Then Jay, the blue-bird, joined the throng,
And bade the white Dove fly along ;
And Oriole, with throat of red,—
And then exultantly, he said,—
"Come, loyal birds, and as we stand,
Behold the colors of our Land !
Let every bird that's brave and true,
Sing, cheer, the Red and White and Blue !"

The sky o'er head was clear and bright,
The North wind sang o'er plain and height ;
The rill went singing on its way,
And leaves and flowers were bright and gay ;
The rock and wood and meadow rang,
As loud and clear and sweet they sang,
And every bird, it seemed to me,
Sang "Praise the Lord ! We're free ! we're free !"

—Commonwealth.

ALL'S WELL.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed ;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well ! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break !

—Boston Review.

From The North British Review.

1. Unger, *Die Exantheme der Pflanzen und einige mit diesen verwandte Krankheiten der Gewächse*. Vienna. 1833.
2. Philippi, *Traité Organographique et Physiologico-Agricole sur la Carie, le Charbon, l'Ergot, la Rouille, et autres Maladies du même genre qui ravagent les Céréales*. Versailles. 1837.
3. Brongniart, *sur le Développement du Charbon dans les Graminées*.
4. Tulasne, *sur les Ustilaginées et les Uredinées*.
5. Banks on *Blight, Mildew, and Rust of Corn*. In *Annals of Botany*.
6. Lambert on *Blight of Wheat*; Kirby on *certain Fungi which are Parasites of the Wheat*. In *Transactions of Linnæan Society*.
7. Henslow's *Report on Diseases of Wheat*; Sidney on *the Parasitic Fungi of the British Farm*; Graham on *the Injuries sustained by Plants from the Attacks of Parasitic Fungi*; and other Papers in *Journ. Agricult. Soc. of England*.
8. Berkeley on *the Potato Disease*—in *Journ. of Hort. Soc. of London*, 1846; and *British Fungi*.
9. Balfour's *Attacks of Fungi causing Diseases in Plants*. In *Class-Book of Botany*.
10. *Blights of the Wheat, and their Remedies*. By Rev. Edwin Sidney. Religious Tract Society.

HARDLY any class of organic agencies is more wonderful or more interesting than the fungi, whose minute forms and insignificant appearance beneath and in the midst of the great bustling world of sense and sight escape our ordinary observation. In this obscure and subordinate position, kept down by the healthy energies of higher organisms, and prevented from increasing too rapidly and spreading too widely by a nice balance of physical conditions, they are important and indispensable auxiliaries in the operations of nature. Upon them devolves the duty of accelerating the natural process of decay—absorbing into living tissues, and thus rendering innocuous, the poisonous gases continually exhaled into the atmosphere by dead and decomposing substances, and preparing from the corrupted masses of effete, organic matter, a fertile soil in which future plants may grow; the exuvæ of one generation, elaborated by their mysterious chemistry, serving as the materials for the support and maintenance of the next. Standing on the borders

of the mineral kingdom, and occupying the place of junction of the two great confluent streams of animal and vegetable life, they are obviously designed to arrest the fleeting particles which, having served their purpose in one form of organization, are fast hastening downwards to the night of chaos and death, and send them once more in new forms, and with new properties, to keep the vortex of life in ceaseless motion.

Such are their highly useful functions in ordinary circumstances; but when the balance of nature is overturned, and the restraints of her laws partially removed, they suddenly start up into gigantic, mutinous life—are multiplied till they become overwhelming—and by the sheer force of countless numbers, ravage and destroy everything before them. Just as the electrical forces are continually playing harmlessly around us, circulating through the smallest particles of matter as well as among its mightiest masses, giving health and energy to plants and animals, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds, but when certain conditions are present, or certain barriers removed, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the awful storm goes forth on its work of destruction; so the seeds and germs of these obscure and unnoticed agencies are floating harmlessly in countless myriads on every breeze—in the air of our houses—lying on the various objects around us, could we see them sufficiently magnified—on the earth—in the waters,—everywhere;—their mature forms are laboring incessantly and beneficially in dark and lonely places, concealed and overtopped, as it were, by the higher types of life; but when atmospheric and other conditions favorable for their development are present, they burst the bands which previously confined them, and revel in a wildness and prodigality of life which is truly astounding. We are surrounded by, we are living in the very midst of, a world of organic forces, possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us; but the same Power which safely imprisons the nascent earthquake in the rocky chambers of the earth, and chains the subtle forces of electricity in the bosom of the cloud, restrains the ravages of these mysterious powers, and employs them as useful and beneficial agents, except at rare intervals, when they are permitted to

act as the ministers of His vengeance, and bring the guilty nations to repentance. Such a thought as this may seldom occur to our minds, owing to the long-continued and uniform stability of nature's laws; but it is one which ought to excite in us, even in the most favorable circumstances, a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence.

If we compare the two kingdoms—the animal and vegetable—with each other, we shall find many striking points of resemblance between them, indicating that the life which pervades both is the same in kind, though different in degree. The stem and branches of a plant may be compared to the skeleton of an animal; the pith of young trees and shrubs to the spinal marrow, the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in summer or autumn, is like the circulation of the blood, which fluid, it is worthy of remark, is green in the one and red in the other—the two most obvious complementary colors; while the exhalation of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, which are the lungs of plants, resembles the respiration of animals. This curious analogy between the two departments of organic nature may be traced, not only in their structure, and the respective functions which they perform, but also in the derangements which occasionally occur in these, produced by unfavorable external circumstances. As animals are subject to diseases caused by filthy habits, vitiation of the air, overcrowding, or famine; so are plants rendered unhealthy by improper cultivation or unsuitable meteorological conditions. The epidemics of animals have their counterparts in the blights of plants. Animal epidemics are the terrible yet wise and beneficent means employed by Providence for sweeping away at once, and with the smallest amount of suffering possible, creatures whose constitutions had been enfeebled by a long course of unnatural living, and whose lives had in consequence, become a burden to themselves, and thus paving the way for the introduction of more healthy and vigorous races, propagated by the individuals whose stronger physical powers enabled them to survive the general wreck. Vegetable epidemics, on the other hand, which are most frequent and destructive among the plants which are reared by man for his food, are wisely designed as wholesale remedies for the evils produced by unskilful culture and un-

favorable climatic circumstances; degenerate forms being thus extirpated, and a hardier stock saved to become the progenitors of more useful varieties. Animal epidemics are supposed to be caused by an animal poison, the product of decomposed animal matter excreted by the human body itself; so the blights of plants are caused by vegetable parasites—the morbid agencies in either case being derived from the same order to which each respectively belongs. All animal epidemics, though possessed of distinctive characters, which warrant us in regarding them as specifically different diseases, have yet so much in common, as to indicate that they belong to one family or class—the same conditions which favor or prevent the propagation of one, favoring or preventing the propagation of all; so on the other hand, all vegetable epidemics are caused by different species or forms of one great group of fungi, which require the same circumstances for their development, and conversely may be prevented by the application of the same remedies. We find, also, that while there have been several memorable plagues—such as the black death and the sweating sickness of the Middle Ages—which revolutionized society by their effects, and stand out as prominent landmarks in history, certain forms of fever and other contagious diseases seem to be inseparable from man's social condition, being present with greater or less virulence among large populations everywhere; so, on the other hand, in regard to vegetable epidemics, while several notorious plagues—such as the potato and vine diseases—have sprung up suddenly, raged universally over a large geographical area, reached a climax, and then to a certain extent subsided, there are forms of blight—such as those affecting the cereal crops—that are continuous, appearing season after season, though not to an alarming extent,—found more or less in every field, and seeming to be so closely connected, physiologically, with the corn plants, that we can scarcely ever hope to see them completely eradicated. And lastly, to complete the list of these curious analogies, animal and vegetable epidemics are very frequently co-related—the one following or being produced by the other.

The pestilence, by an inevitable necessity, follows close on the footsteps of the famine-blight; while the advent of wide-spread

plagues in the Middle Ages was invariably heralded by a vast development of parasitic fungi—thus proving that the same abnormal conditions of the atmosphere which are injurious to plants in a state of cultivation, are also injurious to man in a state of society. One of the most interesting, and at the same time perplexing problems in botany, meets us at this, the threshold of our inquiry, viz., the origin of the so-called vegetable epidemics. We have asserted—and this is pretty generally admitted—that fungi are the immediately exciting, but what are the predisposing causes? Are these vegetable parasites which appear on our blighted food-plants, the primary cause or the secondary effect of the diseases with which they are connected? To this question various answers have been given more or less satisfactory; and at the present moment it divides the schools of science. Fungi, as a class, vegetate on decayed substances. They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, true parasites, inasmuch as they are incapable of contending with the vital forces of plants when healthy and growing. They require a dead and decomposing matrix. They are incapable of eliminating the elements on which they subsist from living substances. Their seeds may circulate in the tissues of living plants, from the seed up to the flowering and fruiting; but they remain innocuous in an undeveloped state—kept in check by the strength of the vital principle, until symptoms of decay begin to appear, when immediately they break their fetters,—seize upon the decomposing parts with their tiny fangs,—develop themselves speedily into perfect fungi,—multiply themselves into a colony, and luxuriate on the affected plant, until the work of destruction is complete. In most cases, the process of decay must be pretty far advanced; the withered leaf or branch must have fallen from the tree, and been exposed for a considerable time to the decomposing influences of the weather, before any fungi make their appearance upon it. But, though this be the habit of the family generally, there are striking exceptions. There is one group, whose peculiarity it is to grow only on living plants in the manner of true parasites. They appear on the healthiest and most luxuriant individuals, and are never found on dead or decaying substances. So far as the most minute microscopical examination can determine, they are not pre-

ceded by any change in the constitution of the plants to which they attach themselves, any alteration of tissue, any symptom of decay or death, any predisposing peculiarity whatever,—their presence being influenced solely by circumstances of proximity, or by atmospheric conditions. This exceptional fact places the question of the origin of vegetable epidemics on a more satisfactory basis. It indicates that the truth lies between the two opposite opinions commonly entertained—that fungi in some cases are the primary exciting causes, while in other cases they are the secondary effects. The blights that affect cultivated plants may be divided into two great groups, characterized by different phenomena, though to a certain extent correlated, viz., those which infest the cereals, and those which infest green crops, whether of the garden or field. The former are caused by a peculiar class of fungi called Uredines, which grow only on living plants; the latter are connected with another class of fungi called Mucedines, which generally require certain morbid alterations of tissue or function, and other predisposing causes, before they make their appearance. If we bear this arrangement in mind, it will enable us to understand something of the nature and habits of the different vegetable epidemics, and throw some light on that proverbial darkness in which the pestilence has ever walked, from the days of David till the present time.

In following out the division above proposed, we have first to deal with those diseases which are excited primarily by the growth of the uredines. This peculiar group of fungi have been called Hypodermii, because they originate beneath the cuticle of plants. Upwards of one hundred and fifty species are enumerated as belonging to it, divided into three genera, whose botanical characters are very fluctuating and indefinite, presenting singularly few variations or departures from the family type. Their appearance and mode of growth are so anomalous, that their title to the name of plants has more than once been disputed; minute and insignificant as some would deem them, they have furnished matter for volumes as large and controversies as hot as any of the entities which so long divided the rival schools of the Middle Ages. One writer, M. Unger, whose work is placed first on the list at the head of this article, attempts to prove that these so-called

fungi are mere cutaneous diseases of plants, arising from a derangement of the respiratory functions, somewhat analogous to the skin diseases of animals, as they appear chiefly on rank luxuriant plants. The intercellular spaces beneath the epidermis, according to this author, are gorged with the superabundant juices which coagulate, and resolve themselves, by expansion and exposure to the air, into compact homogeneous masses of very minute powdery particles; the so-called fungi being thus nothing more than a mere organization of the superfluous sap. This, like all other kindred doctrines so pertinaciously advanced by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation, and so plausible at first sight, is found, on more minute and accurate examination, to be entirely without foundation. Every proof of analogy is decidedly opposed to it. These abnormal appearances are caused by true parasitic plants. They have a separate individual existence, entirely independent, so far as any organic tie is concerned, of the matrix on which they are produced; they have different stages of development, a distinct and peculiar organization, organs of reproduction extremely simple in structure, but perfectly adapted for their purpose, and true seeds or germs by which they may be propagated. Though among the lowest forms of vegetation, entirely composed of cellular tissue, and having no parts corresponding to the roots, leaves, and stems of flowering plants, we have only to place them under the microscope to discover that they are as perfect in their own order as plants higher in the scale. The whole group may be described in general terms as a series of pustules or patches, breaking out on various parts of living plants immediately underneath the skin, which is ruptured, and rises around them in ragged, puffy blisters. These patches are of different sizes, from a minute, almost invisible speck, to a large uniform eruption covering the whole plant affected, and of different colors, though black, brown, and orange-red are the most frequent. To the naked eye they appear simply as collections of powdery matter, as if the plants on which they are produced were dusted over with soot or ochre. When examined by an ordinary microscope, each of the grains of powder of which the mass is composed is found to be a round hollow ball, or pod-

shaped case divided into compartments, and containing in its interior a number of smaller spherules, which are the seeds. The pod-shaped cases are connected with the surface on which they are developed by means of short foot-stalks set on end and closely compacted, somewhat like the pile of velvet; while the raised cases are united to each other by means of silvery threads or filaments, extremely attenuated, which wind in and out among them, and are called the spawn or mycelium, being all that these curious plants possess in lieu of root, stem, and leaves. The whole vegetative system is represented in them by these gossamer threads, which are quite invisible, except to a very powerful microscope; and the whole reproductive system by these little cases, which appear to the naked eye mere grains of red or black dust. One has a feeling of wonder akin to awe in gazing on these primitive organisms. Life in them is reduced to the simplest expression, but not therefore rendered more intelligible to our comprehension; on the contrary, the nearer in such humble plants we are brought to its source, the more mysterious and perplexing does it become. We may reach its ultimate forms, but its essence eludes our search. We may dissect these forms under our microscopes, and analyze them by chemical tests, until we see almost the last atom into which the subtle principle has retired: but the minutest particle is an impenetrable shrine, an impregnable citadel, which baffles our utmost efforts to break into and reveal to the light of day. Life is, indeed, "the perennial standing miracle of the universe," forever wonderful, forever fresh, the enigma which the Sphinx of time is forever proposing without hope of a solution,—the mysterious Nile, which flows on its long, solitary way beneath the gay sunshine and the solemn stars, cheering and enlivening the desert of this world, its sources lying far above us at an invisible remoteness, and its outlet carrying us into the shadowy regions of the silent Unknown!

The Uredines, whose ideal forms we have thus briefly sketched, are the fungi which cause the epidemics of our cereal crops, and are, therefore, the most interesting and important. Attention has been directed to these epidemics ever since the origin of systematic agriculture; their remarkable character, and the devastations which they pro-

duce, could not fail to force them upon the notice of the farmer. But it is only, comparatively speaking, of late years that their true nature has been understood. For ages they were invested with a superstitious mystery. They were attributed to unfavorable combinations of the planets, to comets and lunar influences, and other equally grotesque and recondite causes, before which skill and industry were helpless. About the beginning of the present century, the mischief produced by them among the grain crops was so serious and wide-spread, that Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, resolved to institute careful investigations into their true character and habits, with the view of devising means for their prevention. The task was entrusted to the hands of M. Bayer, one of the most celebrated botanists of that period, who examined the diseased wheat microscopically, and published the results of his researches in a most interesting volume, illustrated by skilful and most accurate drawings of the different microscopical parts of structure; thus placing the vegetable nature of these appearances beyond dispute. The original work, still in MS., we believe, is preserved in the British Museum; but a popular abstract of it was published in the *Penny Magazine* for 1833. Since then, innumerable pamphlets and articles have appeared independently and in agricultural and scientific journals both at home and abroad, containing the observations of theoretical botanists, and the experiments and suggestions of practical agriculturists. The list placed at the head of this article will give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject has already reached, and the interest and importance that have been attached to it by thoughtful men.

The Uredines are not confined to any one species of grain, but range over the whole cereal group; one or two forms are found on all the cerealia indiscriminately, while other forms are restricted to the species on which they are produced, their appearance and mode of growth being the same in all circumstances. Wheat is infested with several uredos, corn and barley with two or three kinds. A peculiar species of *ustilago* affects maize or Indian corn; while the rice of the East is often seriously injured by another species. In every country some form or other prevails on the grain peculiar to it, so that the range of these

blights is as extensive as the cereals they infest. From the dreary wastes of Lapland, where in the dim glimmering sunlight of the short hyperborean summer a stunted and scanty crop of corn or rye is reared, to the sweltering rice-fields that shimmer under the glowing skies of India, the range of these ubiquitous fungi extends. They are also found at all altitudes where the cereals are capable of growing,—on the miserable crops which the Indian raises in the lofty mountain valleys of the Andes, amid the icy rigor of an almost arctic climate, as well as on the level acres of golden grain which the balmy summer breeze ripples in light and shade along the sea-shore, one of the most beautiful and gladdening spectacles which this world can afford. There are no such restrictions confining these within well-defined geographical regions as operate in the case of other fungi. They have the power of indefinite extension and localization. Their extremely simple structure is capable of accommodating itself to the most varied circumstances, and to almost any range of temperature; so that the cereal blights have a far wider geographical distribution than the epidemics affecting animals, which can only spread within certain limits, the heat of the tropics offering an effective barrier to typhus, and the cold of a temperate climate putting an effectual restraint upon yellow fever. Nor do these fungi restrict their ravages to any one particular part of the corn plants, nor to any one stage of growth. Early in spring they are found on the young blades, later in the season they affect the glumes and paleæ of the ear. They attack the straw, the leaves, and chaff, the flower and the grain; and in all these situations they are more or less destructive, according to the character of the season and the circumstances in which they are developed. When they appear on the straw, they close up the stomata or breathing pores, which serve for the gaseous and vaporous exhalations of the corn, and thus impart to it a sickly appearance. When occurring on the grain, they alter its substance altogether; the sap which should have produced the nutritious milky kernels being appropriated by the parasite, and converted in its tissues into dust and ashes, masses of black and poisonous decay.

In order to form a correct idea of cereal

epidemics, it will be necessary to examine the various kinds of Uredines somewhat in detail. Beginning with the straw, which is first affected, we find growing on it a species called *Puccinia graminis* familiar to every one under the popular name of mildew. This blight is exceedingly common, though more prevalent on late varieties of grain than on early, and on light soils than on heavy ones. It appears in the form of a number of dark-colored patches, with sometimes a slightly orange-colored tinge, originating beneath the epidermis of the stem, which splits around them and raises them to the surface. These dark, musty spots are found, when examined by the microscope, to consist of a dense aggregation of club-shaped bodies, their thicker end being divided into two chambers, each filled with minute spores or seed-vessels, and their lower end tapering into a fine stalk connecting them with the stem of the corn. When this disease is very prevalent and extensive, it proves remarkably injurious, destroying the hope of the harvest in the very bud as it were. The juices of the corn are intercepted; the stimulating effects of light and air are prevented, and the grain in consequence becomes shrivelled and defective, yielding at the same time a superabundant quantity of inferior bran. We find it frequently mentioned in the Old Testament in the same category with the pestilence, as one of the most dreadful scourges inflicted by God upon a rebellious people: "I have visited you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord." In our own country it used to be a frequent cause of scarcity. In the year 1694, nearly all the corn grown in Scotland became mildewed, and a famine followed, whose effects were so dreadful as to earn for that season the ominous distinction of the "Black Year." From that period till 1701, the country appeared as if lying under a curse from the same cause, the crops retarded in their growth and prevented from ripening, not being ready for the harvest till November and December, even in the most favorable localities. A pestilence, consequent upon this terrible visitation, depopulated whole villages and districts, defying the utmost power of medicine. Hugh Miller, in his "Legends of Cromarty," refers to its devastations in the north, where the ruins of the houses of its victims may still be seen in many places. Thanks to an im-

proved system of agriculture, it is now, however, robbed of its formidable power, and confined within very narrow limits of harm, being considered one of the minor pests of the farm. It is not confined to grain exclusively; all the cultivated grasses are more or less subject to it; and this circumstance renders it very doubtful whether it can ever be extirpated. It is a common error to say, that corn and hay that have been stacked in warm damp weather, without being sufficiently dried, are mildewed when they take heat and become matted together by white fleecy cobwebs. The dust which flies about in clouds when the masses are lifted up and shaken, are the seeds of a fungus, but not those of the true mildew-fungus, the *puccinia graminis*. They belong to a species of mould somewhat similar to what grows on preserves, old shoes, or stale crusts of bread, or decaying fruit in damp, ill-ventilated places.

The leaf and chaff of the cereals are subject to a disease called *rust*, red-rag, or red-robin (*Uredo Rubigo*), from the rusty-red or yellowish patches which it forms. It is so exceedingly common, that it is a rare thing to find a cornfield entirely free from it. It occurs at all stages of growth of the plant affected, appearing on the leaves in spring sometimes in such immense quantities that the fields look quite yellow with it, and later in the season attacking the glumes and paleæ of the ear after the grain is formed. Though formidable looking, red-rust is in reality the least alarming of the cereal blights. When developed early, and restricted to the leaves and stem, the arrival of a few bright sunshiny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, soon dissipates the evil, and restores the sickly and drooping plants to their former vigor. If, however, it should occur at later stages of growth, and infest the essential parts of the ear, it is more injurious, especially if cold wet weather, with little sunshine or wind, should prevail at the time. Strange to say, it seems to be more virulent and dreaded on the Continent than it is with us, although we should imagine the fine sunny skies of the south to be more unfavorable to its growth than our damp and variable climate. The late lamented Professor Henslow, who devoted great attention to the various blights of the wheat, and whose observations and experiments are therefore entitled to the

utmost confidence, published, in the journal of the English Agricultural Society for 1841, an able paper, in which he asserts that the diseases called rust and mildew, though popularly distinct, are in reality specifically identical. He discovered several intermediate forms linking them together, and proving their common origin; the two chambered club-shaped bodies, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the one, occurring in several well-marked transition forms in the other. He supposes the rust to be an earlier stage of growth of the mildew; while it is not improbable, that the more mature form may be only an imperfect or early condition of fungi, more complicated, and higher in the scale. The fact that they can multiply themselves indefinitely in an embryonic state, does not militate against such a view, as ferns and others of the higher cryptogamia can propagate themselves in their earliest stages. A careful study of flowerless plants teaches us that many species have a tendency to simulate the principal distinctive characters of others allied to them. This is especially the case in regard to the hypodermian fungi. Botanists have devoted considerable attention to this special department, and a number of elaborate monographs have appeared upon the subject. But as yet little has been done towards a satisfactory establishment of true and well-defined species. Very great difficulties stand in the way of such a desirable end. The organisms themselves are so very minute and obscure; a slightly different form occurs on almost every herbaceous plant; considerable changes of appearance and structure take place at the various stages of growth; and the groups that are most marked and peculiar are found actually to be closely united by the constant occurrence of intermediate forms. Some authors, regarding the task of arranging such a multitude of cognate forms under something deserving the name of species, as hopeless, have cut the Gordian knot by the simple and easy expedient of regarding every form as a species, and classifying individuals according to the names of the plants on which they are found, at least assigning a distinct species to each natural order. We have had too much of this loose and empirical mode of systematization of late. The temptation to travel along such a royal road in the study of the more difficult branches of botany, has been too great to be resisted by a large num-

ber. The consequence has been a vast accession to our already overloaded catalogues of species, not of divine, but of human creation. Stay-at-home botanists, precluded from the discovery of new plants, and having exhausted the comparatively narrow and circumscribed field of British botany, could only find a sphere for their ingenuity in dividing and subdividing already existing species into varieties and subvarieties, from the commencement nearly to the end of the Greek alphabet, arranging and re-arranging them into new genera and orders, and furnishing them with new names, until systematic botany has become a formidable and repulsive hedge of thorns, through which few care to penetrate to the gardens of the Hesperides beyond. Against this absurd system of refining and hair-splitting, there has arisen of late years a strong and healthy reaction. Darwin has pushed it to an unjustifiable length, and drawn down upon himself, in consequence, the just censure of men of science as well as doctors of divinity; but in spite of the startling conclusions which he draws from his very modest premises, we are satisfied that he has done great and lasting service to the cause of science, by restraining within reasonable bounds the propensity to multiply and complicate species, which was fast becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Every farmer is acquainted with *Smut*, which is the most frequent form of blight in this country, and is found more or less in every field of corn, to which grain it principally confines itself. It is caused by the fungus called *Uredo segetum*, which attacks the flower, whose innermost parts it renders abortive, swelling the pedicels, or little stalks to which the florets are attached, far beyond their natural size. The whole of this fleshy mass is consumed by the growth of the parasite, which appears between the chaffy scales in the form of a black, sootlike powder. This musty mass is invested with a thin, glistening skin, which is finally ruptured, allowing the dusty particles to be dispersed by the winds. It is needless to say, that the ears affected with this disease are entirely destroyed. Any one who sees them must be convinced of this; and yet there are not wanting persons, even in these enlightened times, who regard the appearance of a few such diseased ears among their cornfields with complacency, imagining that somehow

or other they are harbingers of a good crop. There have been frequent coincidences of this kind, no doubt; but the connection between the two circumstances is as remote as between the oft-quoted Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands. The fungus appears early in the season, from the moment that the ear of corn emerges from its hose or sheath. In some seasons immense quantities of it may be seen in cornfields in June, almost every second stalk being covered with the ominous black head instead of the usual green ear. It ripens and scatters its seed long before the grain reaches maturity; and by the time of harvest, not a trace of its existence remains to remind the farmer of the ravages it has produced. This disappearance of the fungus when the crop is reaped, especially if the harvest be good, is probably the true reason why the farmer is prepossessed in its favor. Were he better acquainted with its nature and habits, he would look upon each black head of corn with dread, as the advanced guard, the *avant-coureurs* of an immense army of destroyers, lying in ambush in the air and in the soil, and ready to take advantage of every favorable opportunity to dash his hopes to the ground.

A still more formidable and repulsive species of fungus occurs very frequently on the grains of wheat. Its botanical name is *Uredo foetida*, so called from its most disgusting odor, somewhat resembling that emitted by putrid fish, and so powerful that it can be readily distinguished in passing through a field where it prevails. To farmers it is too well known under the common names of bunt, smut-balls, or pepper-brand. It is exclusively restricted to the grain of wheat, which it attacks in its earliest formation, a fortnight or more before the ear emerges from the sheath. In such a place, its germs could not have been derived from the atmosphere, as the surrounding tissues are hermetically sealed. There is no other way of accounting for its presence than by the supposition that its seed enters the spongioles of the roots of the wheat when young, circulates in the plant, and is propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap until it finds a suitable place for vegetating in the interior of the grain. When it attacks the young ovum, all fecundation is destroyed by it, the parts of fructification are obliterated, with the exception of the stigmata, which remain unaltered to

the last; and yet, notwithstanding this total degeneration of its interior substance, the grain continues to swell and to retain its original shape. The infected grains may be distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green or brown color, and also by their floating on the surface of water if immersed, while the sound ones sink to the bottom. They rarely burst of their own accord; but if opened, they are found to be filled completely, not with flour, but with a dark-colored, fetid, dustlike charcoal. When the wheat is thrashed, many of the infected grains are crushed, and the seeds are dispersed in the form of an exceedingly impalpable powder, which adheres tenaciously to the sound grains by means of an oily or greasy matter contained in them. Bunted wheat has been ascertained by chemical analysis to contain an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. When the black powder is accidentally mixed with the flour, it gives it an exceedingly disagreeable taste, and is probably injurious to health, though this has not been clearly determined.

On wet, stiff, clayey soils, imperfectly drained, and adjoining marshes and open ditches, an extraordinary disease, called ergot occurs on wheat and rye, which has been attributed to various causes. It is an abortion of the grain, in which the enlarged and diseased ovary protrudes in a curved form resembling a cock's-spur; hence its name. It is black on the outside, of a spongy texture internally, and contains so large a proportion of oily inflammable matter, that it will burn like an almond when lighted at a candle. This curious excrescence is generally supposed to be the hybernating vegetative system or spawn of a fungus, which induces a diseased condition in the ovarian cells of the rye, and afterwards develops in favorable circumstances an elegant little club-shaped sphaeria, called *Cordyceps purpurea*. In certain places it is extremely common on rye, and it is more so than has been suspected on wheat. It also occurs on many grasses; indeed, it is almost impossible to examine a field or meadow in the east or west of England without speedily finding specimens. Ergot of grasses and ergot of cyperaceae, however, do not belong to the same species as ergot of rye, according to

Tulasne. As a powerful medicine, when employed in small doses in certain cases, it is an article of commercial importance, and is of great service; but when mixed with grain as food, and taken in large quantities, it is a narcotic poison, producing effects upon the animal frame truly dreadful. Professor Henslow, by way of experiment, gave it to various domestic animals, mixed with their food, when it was invariably found to produce sickness, gangrene, and inflammatory action so intense, that the flesh of the extremities actually sloughed away. It is not, therefore, unlikely to have been the unsuspected source of several strange morbid disorders which have prevailed from time to time among the poor in those places where rye is the staple grain, and which have proved so perplexing to the physician. Professor Henslow published a series of remarkable extracts from the parish register of Wattisham, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, recording the sufferings of several persons from an unusual kind of mortification of the limbs, which was produced, in all likelihood, by the use of spurred rye as food. In some districts in France, gangrenous epidemics, accompanied by the most dreadful symptoms, used to be very prevalent in certain seasons; but owing to the pains taken to prevent ergot being sent to the mill and ground up with the flour, they are now almost unknown. Sheep and cattle allowed to browse in meadows where ergot exists, not unfrequently slip their young and become violently ill; and pigs, running about certain lanes and hedgerows where the fungus often lurks in the shaded grasses, become diseased. Some places are so notorious for the casualties of this kind connected with them, whose cause is not suspected, that owners of animals are afraid to allow them to be at large. The necessity of carefully picking it out wherever it is perceived in samples of wheat cannot be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the farmer; and wherever gangrenous diseases or uterine derangements prevail, search should be made for it in the neighborhood, with a view to prevention. This curious disease, upon which more has been written by medical and botanical authors than upon almost any other vegetable production, affords one of the most extraordinary examples within the whole range of physiology, of a natural chemical transmutation; the nutritious grain

being metamorphosed, by the agency of a fungus, into a hard, horny substance, endowed with properties the very reverse of its original wholesomeness, and ministering suffering and death instead of life and strength to those who partake of it.

Such are what may be called the chronic diseases of the grain crops of Britain, produced by different species of *Uredo*, appearing every season in our fields, and accompanying corn and wheat all over the world to the virgin soils of Australia, New Zealand, and America, though seldom spreading to any great extent or inflicting serious damage at the present day. We have now to deal with a different class of fungi, the *Mucedines*, connected with the disease of our green crops, and generally requiring certain conditions of degeneracy or decay before they make their appearance. They belong to different genera and species, but may be characterized in general terms as consisting of miniature webs formed of a series of white silky threads radiating from a common centre, the original germ, and gradually enlarging in the same concentric manner, throwing up from various parts of their surface little jointed stalk covered with dustlike seed. One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with these fungi is the potato disease, so familiar to every one. This root, superior to all other esculents in quality and productiveness, was for many years considered to be the most certain of all crops, and regarded as the palladium against those frightful famines which in former times so often devastated the land. To plant and to secure a crop was long an invariable cause and consequence. The tubers would bear almost any amount of rough treatment, and could adapt themselves readily to almost any soil or mode of cultivation; as an old writer observes, "they were more tenacious of life even than couch grass." Although certain diseases, as curl, ulceration of the roots, &c., are known to have attacked some varieties in former times, yet these having been local and partial, never excited alarm for the safety of the general crop. But all at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, it was attacked with an epidemic, which spread over the greater part of Europe, destroyed nearly the whole crop wherever it was cultivated, in every description of soil and in every kind of situation, and produced in those places where it

formed the staple food of the people, all the horrors of famine.

An attack on a crop so sudden and so universal, is without parallel in the history of cultivated plants. It came like one of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally sweep over tropical regions, carrying death and destruction in their train, breaking up in many districts the social and agricultural systems that prevailed, and producing evils that have not yet entirely subsided. Nor was this disease a temporary scourge. It has returned every year since with more or less fatality, so that the potato has become one of the most troublesome and precarious of all our crops. The cause of this epidemic is still very much involved in mystery, for many of the phenomena accompanying it were very anomalous, if not contradictory. A thousand explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered by all sorts of individuals, scientific and practical; the air, the earth, and the waters, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, have by turns been blamed; and the subject has been so frequently discussed in newspapers, pamphlets, and social circles, that it has become thoroughly hackneyed. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to this country. In proof of this we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency of the tubers to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, and the much smaller yield of the crop, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea-shore to the mountain pla-

teau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant puts forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. "Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species." Now, the tubers of the potato are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to ensure the propagation of the plant, if unfavorable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary (as it has been well put by one author on the subject), with a marvellous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live forever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these malpractices we have gradually reduced the constitution of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of those morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonishing and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus, attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few

hours; so that the period for examination of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn, and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South America it was first brought to St. Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tallies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex.

St. Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the condition of moisture and temperature favorable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it travelled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland; so that the

crops in the Highlands were that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all: the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessities of life. In 1846, it proceeded throughout the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe Islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity, and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845 and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we cannot positively tell,—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favored by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then

prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perish at once, and they are now extirpated,—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parents' weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however,—as such a method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercise of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste,—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.

We have said that the genus *Botrytis*, to which the potato parasite belongs, contains several species which are exceedingly destructive in this country. They are the most common and abundant of all fungi. For ages they have met the eye in innumerable fields and gardens. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beet-root, peas, gourds, spinach, almost all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this blight. In seasons favorable for their development, they spread like wildfire and destroy everything before them. Various species of *Erysiphe* prove very destructive to fruit and forest trees, clothing their leaves with a flocculent cottony tissue. The peach is frequently hopelessly injured by this cause. Other kinds of fungi grow on the roots of apple and pear trees, producing premature decay.

One fungus, *Rhytisma acerinum*, must be familiar to the most careless and unobservant eye, as occurring on the maple tree, causing those black unsightly blotches with which the leaves are covered. It is the most abundant and pertinacious of all fungi, confining itself entirely to the maple, and attacking every tree and every leaf with the utmost impartiality. Vegetable epidemics in the shape of black mildews, caused by species of

antennaria and allied genera, are now and then fearfully fatal to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St. Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, and the mulberry trees of Syria and China. The leaves of these different trees—upon the produce of which, the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend—are clothed literally with sackcloth and ashes. Myriads of dark-colored, felt-like patches, sprinkled with dust, close up the breathing pores, prevent the free admission of air and the stimulating effect of direct sunlight, and thus dwarf and destroy the trees, causing annually the loss of many thousands of pounds. A peculiar species of *oidium* renders the cultivation of the hop exceedingly precarious. It luxuriates on the leaves and shoots of the vine, favored by the dampness and stagnation of the air, caused by the close overshadowing poles, and by the peculiar mode in which the hop is propagated, viz., by division of the roots and branches, having a tendency to weaken its constitution. It is worthy of remark, as showing either the capriciousness of fungi, or the differences actually existing in the nature and habits of species closely allied, that, while the potato was universally destroyed in Kent in 1844, the hop gardens in the immediate neighborhood, exposed to the same atmospheric influences, were never so flourishing and remunerative. On the Continent, a very remarkable fungoid epidemic occasionally occurs, caused by a kind of mould, called *Lanosa nivalis*, from its singular habitat, and the woolly, flocculent appearance which it presents. It is developed beneath the snow on grass and corn-blades, appearing in white patches a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a reddish hue, arising from the seeds of the fungus, which are of this color. Wherever it has run its course, it leaves a completely gray and withered plot behind. "When snows have come on without previous frosts, it has been known to destroy whole crops, particularly of barley and rye. In places where it prevails extensively, the farmers plow up the frozen surface, so complete and hopeless is the mischief effected on the young plants. Happily for us, it has not yet reached Britain; but that it will not, no one can predict, for all fungal diseases are very alarming, and all past experience of them warns us that

they may appear when least expected, especially in a climate where the seasons vary so much as they do in ours."

Shortly after the potato disease broke out in this country, the alarm excited by it was paralleled in the vine-growing countries of Europe, by the sudden spread of an equally destructive plague affecting the grape. The fungus, *Oidium Tuckeri*, concerned in this epidemic, made its first appearance, or rather was first observed, in the hothouses of Mr. Slater of Margate by his very intelligent gardener, Edward Tucker, after whom, in consequence, it received its specific name. It seems to have been previously unknown to botanists. Its origin is very obscure. It is not a new creation, but probably a modification of an old and familiar fungus, some member of the vast group of the mucédinées or mould family, whose forms are so protean and so closely allied, that we might believe in their transmutation, without being accused of Darwinian leanings. This new form found peculiar conditions at the time favorable for its development, which never occurred at any previous period. We know not whether the germs of the fungus spread from those produced in the hothouses of Margate, or whether similar conditions elsewhere existing originated it without any connection existing between the places; but certain it is, that an immense profusion of the same fungus appeared almost simultaneously throughout the vineries in this country. Two years afterwards, the seeds borne across the Channel by winds reached France, where for a time their ravages were limited to the forcing-houses and trellised vines of Versailles, and other private establishments in the neighborhood of Paris. But in 1851 it unhappily reached the open vineyards in the south and south-east of France, where it destroyed nearly the whole of the crops, rendering them unfit for food, and wine manufactured from the partially decayed grapes undrinkable. It speedily spread from province to province with increased virulence, ravaging the vineyards formerly spared. The snow-clad Pyrenees offered no effectual barrier to its progress, but with resistless speed it forced its way into the finest provinces of Spain, where so deplorably were the vineyards blighted by it, that in many places they were abandoned in despair. It crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria, extended its

flight to the terraced vine-clad slopes of Lebanon, ruined the currants of the Greek Islands and the raisins of Malaga, and destroyed so utterly the far-famed vintage of Madeira, that this wine is numbered among the things that were. Everywhere the ravages of this pest were regarded as a national calamity. Thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment; vineyards were silent and forsaken that formerly resounded with the merry laugh and the cheerful song; bare poles were seen on the sunny hill-sides, or else covered with unsightly masses of decaying foliage, where formerly the fragrant vine wreathed its graceful verdure, and offered its tempting and beautiful clusters of fruit. The simple and scanty meal of the workman was deprived of what used to give it relish; and the distress in many places was awful. After raging for a number of years with similar if not increased violence, it subsided, like the potato disease, to a certain extent,—whether owing to the remedies applied proving successful, or the conditions for its development proving unfavorable, it is impossible to say. Some places now enjoy complete immunity from it; and in other places the cultivation of the vine, formerly abandoned, is resumed with vigor and with every prospect of success. A large percentage of the crop is, however, season after season, still lost from this cause; and probably the disease is now so completely established, that it is vain to hope for its speedy disappearance.

The fungus which causes the vine epidemic is very minute, covering the affected grape like a white cobweb. From its radiating filaments several jointed stocks rise vertically like the pile of velvet, the upper joints swelling, assuming an egg-shape, and giving birth to the reproductive spores. It makes its appearance first as a minute speck on the grape when about the size of a pea. It speedily enlarges and covers the entire surface of the berry, investing it with a network of interlacing fibres, exhausting its superficial juices, and crushing it within its embrace. So richly is it furnished with the means of propagation, that a succession of seeds is developed by the same filament, and three or four ripen and are dispersed at the same moment; while, so loosely are they attached to their receptacles, that the smallest breath of air or the least brush of an insect's wing carries them off to

other grapes, to infect these with a similar blight.

We may remark here by way of parenthesis, that fungi have a special and inordinate predilection for the produce of the vine in all the stages of its history and manufacture. One species, as we have seen, luxuriates on the grape; another is concerned in the process of fermentation, which consists in the development of the seeds of the yeast, and the consequent resolution of the grape juice into an alcoholic product; a third frequents, like a Bacchic gnome or convivial Guy Fawkes, the vaults where wine is stored up, forming a most remarkable and picturesque feature in that vast temple of Silenus—the London Docks—hanging down in immense festoons from the roof of the crypt, swaying and wavering with the least motion of the air, like dingy cobwebs. This strange and softly comfortable form of vegetable stalactite grows in no other vaults than those devoted to wine. Private cellars are not unfrequently drained dry by a host of thirsty vegetable toppers in the shape of huge fleshy fungi, developed by the moist, dark atmosphere of the place, and the rich pabulum of saccharine food which they find there. The bottle of port brought up to table, whose venerable appearance the host eyes affectionately, and the guest with eager expectation, sometimes affords a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly hopes. A cunning fungus has been beforehand with them; and like the famous rat, whose inventive powers were quickened by necessity, which drew up the liquid contained in a bottle by dipping its tail into it, the vegetable, equally sagacious, develops itself first on the cork, and having penetrated it with its spawn, sends down long rootlike appendages into the liquor, exhausting it of its rich aroma, and rendering it a mere *caput mortuum*. Nor is the wine left unmolested, even when it has been drawn into the decanter; a meddling fungus still follows it, and renders it sometimes mothery, the cloudy filamentous dregs left at the bottom indicating its presence. In short, in some shape or other, this fungoid vegetation perseveringly accompanies the fruit of the vine in all its changes and transitions from the German hills to the British dining-room; and like an ill-odored excisemen, levies a tax upon it for the benefit of its own constitution. In this respect, these bibulous fungi may be regarded as practical

executors of the Maine Liquor Law, and may be ranked among the most efficient allies of teetotalism in that species of crusading or guerilla warfare in which it is so actively and praiseworthily engaged against one of the greatest social evils of the day!

After this detailed description of the specific fungi connected with the more remarkable kinds of vegetable epidemics, a few words regarding their mode of dispersion may not be uninteresting. It is a well-known physiological axiom, that the simpler and smaller an organism, the more bountifully is it furnished with the means of propagating itself. Exposed to numerous contingencies, to extremes of temperature, to excessive drought alternated by excessive moisture, failure of reproduction by one method must be compensated by the development of another, which shall answer the purpose in view even in the most unfavorable circumstances. Accordingly, plants of the class we are reviewing are provided with two, three, and in some cases even with four modifications of reproductive power, all equally effectual, though not all developed at one and the same time. They may multiply themselves by means of the spawn or mycelium, by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination or budding, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours; nay, some may pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and give birth to thousands even while under the field of the microscope. In truth, the common reproductive bodies called spores or seeds do not directly propagate the fungus. They germinate, however, at definite points, and after a time produce threads or filaments which throw out secondary and even tertiary spores, which are the true organs of reproduction, and whose minute size and greater profusion render them more serviceable in the economy of the plant.

The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasitic fungi produce is incalculable, almost infinite. It has been ascertained that one grain of the black matter which fills up the ear of corn in smut contains upwards of four millions of spores or seed-vessels, which are again filled with

spores or seeds so infinitesimally minute and impalpable, that no definite forms can be distinguished by the highest powers of the microscope. When a seed-vessel is ruptured, they are seen to escape in the form of an airy cloud, filmy as the most delicate gossamer; and on a fine summer day, a keensighted observer may behold them rising from diseased heads of growing grain into the air by evaporation, like an ethereal smoke, dispersing in innumerable ways, by the attraction of the sun, by insects, by currents of wind, by electricity, or by adhesion. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to inoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is freighted to an inconceivable extent with such germs, quick with life and ready to alight and spring up, so that the pores of our vegetables can scarcely ever perform their functions of inhalation without taking in one or more of these seeds, which can penetrate through the finest apertures. We have found a few at the point of every grain of wheat we examined with the microscope, taken from the finest and cleanest samples. There they remain dormant and concealed, till suitable conditions call them forth to life and energy. So tenacious are they of vitality, that neither summer's heat nor winter's frost can destroy them; and they are capable of germinating after the longest periods of hybernation. Furnished with such powers of endurance and dispersion as these, it is a fortunate circumstance that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth; and when these are absent, they will not develop themselves or spread, otherwise the whole world would be speedily overrun with them, and "the fig-tree would not blossom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat."

The most important question connected with this subject which suggests itself to the agricultural mind, is, what remedies may be successfully applied to check the ravages of these destructive diseases? Sometimes they are prevented from spreading by the operation of natural causes, we devoutly believe, under the gracious control of the Great Author of nature, who ever mingles mercy with judgment. After a long continuation of ungenial weather, under the baneful influ-

ence of which these destructive fungi spring up and carry on their blighting work, suddenly there come a few days of clear, warm sunshine, and immediately the healthful play of nature's energies is restored; all morbid agencies shrink like the shades of night before the beams of the sun, and the face of the earth is clothed once more with smiling verdure. The diseases that appeared so suddenly and mysteriously, depart in the same manner, and leave apparently no traces of their presence behind. Sometimes, however, these fungi are allowed to inflict incalculable damage, and man is left to himself to find out as best he may how to confine their ravages within the smallest possible compass. For ages, ignorance gave them all sorts of grotesque designations, without the remotest conception of their true character and properties. The antidotes employed in such circumstances were necessarily conjectural; and even when the proper remedies were applied, the reason of their beneficial influence was unknown. In many parts of our rural districts, notwithstanding the vast advancement of agriculture, and the application to it of the discoveries of science, a lamentable amount of ignorance regarding these diseases still prevails. The crops are smutted; the hay is mildewed; and there is an end of the matter. It is enough for the farmers to know that the plants are mouldy, and cannot be helped. Of course, an intelligent systematic course of remedies must be based upon a thorough acquaintance with the causes of the various diseases, the structure and peculiarities of the parasites concerned in them. It may be that we have not yet attained to a sufficient knowledge of these fundamental facts, notwithstanding our extensive experiments and observations; but certain it is, that the remedies proposed, and in many places carried out, are exceedingly varied in their nature and effects, being as often unsuccessful as the reverse. In all cases, however, the peculiar habits of fungi suggest to the farmer the necessity of properly cleaning his seed, washing it in an alkaline ley so as to remove the oily germs of parasites adhering to the grains; thoroughly draining and tritulating the soil, so as to expose it most effectually to the beneficial effects of sunshine and rain; opening up confined enclosures, where the air is apt to stagnate and the shade to become too dense,

to free ventilation and light; sowing and planting early varieties, so that they may arrive at maturity before the autumnal fogs extensively prevail, and the avoidance of manuring immediately before setting the seed. These precautions will, in most cases, very perceptibly diminish the loss occasioned by the ravages of parasitic fungi. Improved domestic habits in town and rural populations are well known to have had a powerful effect in extirpating or checking the epidemics which formerly prevailed in this country; and in the same way, a better system of cultivation will arrest the plagues which affect our cornfields.

There is one moral lesson, among many others, strongly suggested by the consideration of vegetable epidemics. They remind us, by the ravages which they are permitted to inflict, at once of the dangers and risks to which our crops are exposed; and by the narrow limits within which these ravages are usually confined, of the stability of the covenant-promise, that seed-time and harvest should never cease, so that thus our hopes are mingled with fears, and even in the matter of our daily bread we must walk by faith and not by sight. They show us, as has been elsewhere said, "how precarious is the independence of the most independent. As we approach the season of harvest, we

are within a month or two of absolute starvation. Were the rust, or the mildew, or the smut to blight our fields; were each seed of the many millions which each of these parasites disseminates, to germinate and become fertile on the grains on which it alighted, the scourge would be more terrible than the bloodiest and most devastating war; the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the queen and her subjects, would alike be swept into a common ruin. Not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to avert the terrible consequences. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were as worthless as the false notes of the forger. But the covenant-promise made to Noah, sealed with the bright signet ring of heaven, the 'bow in the clouds,' endures from age to age and from season to season, in all its integrity, even in the most unpropitious circumstances; and that kind and watchful Providence which supplies the large family of mankind with its daily bread, arrests the development and dispersion of the vegetable blights, and leaves us, even in the worst seasons, a reasonable supply of the staff of life, thus presenting a sublime fact upon which faith, which is better than independence, can rest in peace."

BISHOP KEN.—Mr. Sedgwick mentions an edition of the *Manual* of the year 1709; and his belief is that the hymns were unaltered. Ken was accustomed to use his own hymns. In 1705 he used them without alterations, as we know from the edition of that year. If Mr. Sedgwick's impression be correct relative to an edition of 1709, the question may be regarded as settled, since Ken died in 1710. If they were not altered in 1709, they were not altered during Ken's life. To support the edition of 1712, it will be necessary to produce an edition prior to 1710 with the alterations, or written instructions in the bishop's own hand, authorizing the changes after his death. Nothing less will be sufficient to give authority to the edition of 1712. If such evidence cannot be produced, that edition can only be regarded as an unauthorized publication. As soon as Ken was in his grave, a most improper use was made of his name by booksellers: his name was given on two books which he did not write. In that age, indeed, the most unwarrantable liberties were

taken with the names and also the works of popular authors. With such facts before us, and in the absence of evidence, we may conclude that the alterations in the edition of 1712 were made by the publisher.

THOMAS LATHBURY.

—Notes and Queries.

SUBLINE.—I have read and heard more suggestions as to the possible or probable derivation of this word than of any that I can think of, but none has as yet appeared at all satisfactory, or even plausible.

E. F. WILLOUGHBY.

[The origin of the word is involved in obscurity. The Latin *sublimis* has been derived from *sublimen*, the upper lintel of a door. But this derivation is not quite satisfactory; and there is some difficulty as to the origin of *sublimen* itself, as well as a measure of uncertainty as to the true meaning of the word.]—Notes and Queries.

From The Examiner.

Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Sedgewick Whalley, D.D., of Mendip Lodge, Somerset. Edited, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by the Rev. Hill Wickham, M.A., Rector of Horsington. In two Volumes. Bentley.

WHEN Miss Burney met with Dr. Whalley at Bath, in his earlier years (he lived to be eighty-two), she described him as "a young man who has a house on the Crescent, and is one of the best supporters of Lady Miller's Vase at Bath Easton:" that is the Lady of the Vase with whom, Horace Walpole tells us, "they hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes; and all the flux of quality in Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman Vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire, and select the brightest compositions, which the successful ten candidates acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle. Miss Burney having distinguished young Mr. Whalley as one of the best supporters of this institution, adds, "He is immensely tall, thin, and handsome, but affected: delicate and sentimentally pathetic; and his conversation about his own 'feelings,' about amiable motives, and about the wind, which at the Crescent, he said, in a tone of dying horror, 'blew in a manner really frightful,' diverted me the whole evening." In middle life Mr. Whalley caught the eye of Marie Antoinette, at Versailles. She called him "Le bel Anglais." The same man, within three years of threescore and ten, was described by Mr. Wilberforce as "the true picture of a sensible, well-informed and educated, polished, old, well-beneficed nobleman's and gentleman's house-frequenting, literary and chess-playing divine—of the best sort (not adulatory)—I hope beginning to be serious." The friend and correspondent of women so unlike each other as Mrs. Siddons and Miss Seward, elderly Dr. Whalley had a pleasure in ornaments and trifles—bought pins and brooches as a boy buys gooseberry tarts—a skill in small talk and a gentleness of breeding, that made him pleasant among women, while the good cellar he kept, his relish of good cheer, tolerant humor and social tact, as guest or host made him the friend of men. Liking both society and

money, he married three times, always with an eye to the main chance governing his tenderness. His first wife, to whom he tenderly addresses his journals of travel besides divers copies of verse, was a rich father's heiress and a rich husband's widow, so that she brought him a fortune for each of his breeches' pockets, with his estate of Langford Court in Somersetshire. A year or two after this first marriage young Mr. Whalley bought the biggest house in Bath, then a great centre of fashion, and there it was that he made friends of Mrs. Piozzi in her retirement, and of Mrs. Siddons in the year of her Bath reputation, before her course of triumph was begun in London.

Dr. Whalley had himself begun the world as rector of the living of Hagworthingham in Lincolnshire, given to him by his father's friend the Bishop of Ely, on the agreeable worldly condition that he was not to reside on it, as the air of the fens was said to be fatal to any but a native. For half a century he held this church preferment, as a piece of income out of which he paid a curate to fulfil all the religious duties it entailed. Meanwhile he lived luxuriously, and indulged his sensibilities by writing, at the age of thirty-three, the poem of "Edwy and Edilda," in five parts. This it was that brought upon him the friendship of that transcendently polite letter-writer, Miss Seward. Four years afterward he and his wife had lived far enough beyond the limits of a handsome income to make a few years of retrenchment on the Continent desirable. The establishments were broken up at Langford Court and Bath, and hence the journals of travel in these volumes, which illustrate many points of continental life in the years 1783-5. "Elegant and gentle manners," wrote Mrs. Piozzi to him at this time, "are attractive in all nations, and you have not drawn iron to you, but gold." He formed, undoubtedly, some cordial friendships, and to the journals, in which he describes only for his wife's amusement those passages of travel during which he happened to be parted from her side, his peculiar character gives an intrinsic value. They, like almost the whole contents of these two ample volumes of journals and letters, illustrate with great distinctness, both in matter and style, the customary forms of life and literature immediately before the French Revolution. That revolution lay at the heart of

a revolt widely spread throughout all society against despotic formalism. In literature the French critical school had long since borne sway. From the literal niceties of Ronsard and Malherbe France had in former times, of which the influence remained, been carried by the higher genius of Boileau into refinements of criticism upon style, and French critical taste, founded largely upon classical authority, had given law to France, England, and Germany. The daintily feeble contributions to the Vase at Bath Easton, and all Lady Miller's mummery therewith connected, are simply representative of this old French *régime* of critical formalism in its days of languor and decay. With the French Revolution came a vigorous revolt of many minds against it. This was begun in Germany with the Gottsched and Bodmer controversy for and against Milton, and was finally triumphant both in Germany and England.

To a student of history or literature who dwells as he should upon the features of such changes, all that a superficial reader might find rapid in these volumes acquires a distinct interest, for it is all diagnostic of large truths and valuable aid to correct generalization. How distinctly, for example, do Dr. Whalley's "Minutes for an answer to Julia's (Miss Seward's) letter on the subject of Sonnets" point to the whole spirit of the day that found expression in that controversy between Gottsched and Bodmer. Their substance is minikin censure upon Milton's Sonnets. Observe, too, that they are "Minutes for an answer;" the thoughts in undress that have yet to make their grand toilette and to appear in proper costume, with the right cut of the false hair on their head, and the right quality and quantity of hair powder. Upon this follow "Thoughts on Revelation," and upon this an "Epitaph on the Dog's Tomb in the Wood at Mendip Lodge." Still characteristic of a period, as the whole book is to a remarkable degree. Of revelation Dr. Whalley writes in simple antagonism to the exercise of thought on matters of authority. In Scripture "what we read, and not what we think should be our polar star." The epitaph on the Dog's Tomb mirrors to us that tone of melancholic discontent which although artificial, was one symptom of the oppression felt under the tyranny of art that claimed to be the patron of the honest Nature she was born to serve.

"If zealous service to thy soul is dear,
Or faith or gratitude demand the tear:
Check not thy pity, while thine eye is bent
On gentle Sappho's simple monument!
And when from man, proud man, the heart shall
prove

As firm a friendship and as warm a love,
Then dash away with scorn the bursting tear,
And cry, Thou shalt not flow, a dog lies here!"

But there is for general readers in these volumes a good side to the defect that interests a literary student. Here we have on his travels a refined, genial, and well-to-do English benefited clergyman, so ready when at Rome to do as they do at Rome, that when he has satisfied his curiosity at Bellay with a peep at the body of St. Anselm, said by the monks to be still fresh and uncorrupted, and has noted to himself the fraud, "I dropped," he says, "a piece of money into the proffered dish like all the rest; and after having paid for peeping, like my namesake of Coventry, bit my tongue, and lifted up my eyes as if with reverential astonishment, for I would not, by unseasonable ridicule, even in a smile, shock the innocent credulity of the crowd and wound the rights of decency." He knows that heaven is large enough for people of all creeds, he respects honest prejudices, and he is frank English gentleman enough, when a fine English lady settled and titled in France meeting him travel-stained near her château, asks him and a couple of foreign friends of his to dinner, easily to accept her disregard of dress, offer his arm, and take her at her word, while his two foreign friends would not for worlds dine with a lady until they had changed their clothes. Such serviceable qualities enabled the good-natured and handsome English parson to see farther down than many another might into the realities of life in France, Switzerland, and elsewhere before the Revolution. What he tells he endeavors in his journals to tell fully and effectively. "Let," he says, "the execution of a *devoir* sacred to friendship and love, be as pleasant in the performance as it will be agreeable in the retrospect; and what I will with all my heart let me execute with all my understanding, lest a languid style should unjustly seem to speak languid affections, and a fault in the physique be mistaken for a defect in the *morale*." Had he written for the public, the vague, painful elaboration would have made his work intolerable; but in writing for a partial home-

reader of known natural tastes and humors, there is always a true sense of what will be appreciated that saves letters and journals from the dulness of vague affectation, if the writer be not like Miss Seward, intolerably vain. In the style of the fourth quarter of the last century a reasonably shrewd man, addressing an intimate friend, would produce a better account of what he had to tell than we could get from him now in the middle of the nineteenth. Such writing was like swimming with bladders, help to the weak and hindrance to the strong. Here, for example, where a modern traveller could only be allowed to say, "Through the stupidity of a bargeman we were nearly run down in a canal," observe what the traveller of 1784 makes of a little incident. The reference to Marius will remind some readers of the similitudes found for the successive objects of her enthusiasm by Miss Impulsia Gushing-ton upon her recent travels in "Low Latitudes."

"But when we thought all our little difficulties at an end, and began to anticipate with pleasure the good fire and dinner that awaited us at Chatillon, we were assailed by a real danger, and had nearly lost our lives in the puddle, that they call canal, between the impetuous Rhone and the proud lake. About midday we met a barge laden with tiles, to which were fastened two lesser ones; and in the first, a singular and most striking figure stood upon deck, and directed the rudder. He appeared about sixty, was majestically tall, and amply squared. His hair was bushy and abundant, of mixed black and gray; his face deeply indented and intersected by a thousand wrinkles. All his features were strongly marked, his air was stern and imposing, his mouth grim, his brow surly, and his eye made to threaten and command. The description of Marius occurred powerfully to me as I regarded him; and if such were the person and mien of the Roman general, I wonder not that the soldiers employed to assassinate him in his prison, dropped their swords through awe and trembling, and implored mercy. As we approached him, he deigned not to cast one regard on our little boat, but kept solemnly moving the rudder with one arm, while he rested the elbow of the other, with an air of grave dignity on a chest. As we began to pass his bark, there was but just space enough for our boat to clear that, and the bank; but before we had passed those in his train, he steered so near that we were in the most imminent danger of being overset and crushed

against it. We were—and had cause to be—alarmed. Our boatmen hallooed to inform him of our danger, and we lifted up our voices with theirs, to make him steer his barges towards the opposite side. But all in vain. He was as inexorable as Charon to the cries of the poor ghosts on the Styx, and kept on his state without once vouchsafing to turn his head. From entreaties our watermen proceeded to curses, which they vociferated in a volley, that one should have thought would have roused the most insensible and warmed the most phlegmatic. But they made no more impression upon this imperious brute than if we had been so many frogs; and we were at last in such a strait, that but for the utmost activity and address, on the side of our boatmen and my domestic, who found means, with the oars and a stout pole, to turn the last barge a little on one side, as it was on the point of oversetting us,—we should have run the utmost risk of losing our lives, and, at best, have had a thorough ducking in one of the severest mornings I ever felt. I wished heartily for a Sir Joshua Reynolds to have sketched out the most striking subject for a painting in its kind, that ever was seen."

It is unfair to represent a book, rich in matter of actual and wide interest as well as of mere curiosity, by dwelling only upon its literary value for the illustration of a period. But the extracts which will best define the breadth of the ground that it covers would occupy more space than is at our command. We must be content only to point attention to the minutely and skilfully worded picture of society at the Château of Lunès before the Revolution, to the sketches of life among the monks, here gay *viveurs*, there self-denying feeders upon eggs and herbs. Our parson certainly liked best to dine with those who kept as good a kitchen as that of the monks of St. Sulpice, but everywhere he took with him his genial, accommodating temper. The darker shades of social history are not omitted from the picture, witness this little history of the State Prisoner of Miolan:—

"I cannot quit Miolan without making mention of a remarkable fact which relates to it, and which was related to me by a lady of fashion of Chamberry, who was a witness to its truth. At a public ball in that town, not many years since, an old gentleman appeared most singularly dressed, and with his gray locks waving upon his shoulders. His countenance was interesting; and his air noble. An habitual melancholy seemed to have taken possession of his features, and he gazed

round him with a look of wonder and estrangement, as if he had been the native of another world, and utterly unacquainted with the manners and customs of that into which he was just introduced. Every one considered him with a mixture of surprise and respect. A whisper of 'Who is he?' circulated round the room, but it was a universal demand to which no one could give a satisfactory reply. On entering into conversation however, with some gentleman near, he observed himself that they must be astonished to see a stranger of his appearance amongst them, and thence took occasion to gratify their curiosity by the following short tale: Born of a noble family in France, he had connected himself with the party in opposition to the prime minister, and was deep in all its intrigues. They proved abortive. All the anti-ministerial plots were discovered, and he was known to be a chief agent in them; he fled into Piedmont, to save himself from the vengeance of the arbitrary engine of despotic power. But his asylum was ill-chosen. An absolute monarchy was an unsafe refuge, for the bold opposer of tyrannic measures. His vindictive enemy discovered his retreat, and, aided by the abused authority of his master, prevailed with the court of Turin to become the base agents of his private revenge, and to seize and shut up secretly the unfortunate stranger in a state prison at Milan. In the changeable course of things his enemy was disgraced, and the whole system of politics changed; but as his family and friends supposed him dead, and the ministers at Turin were too attentive to private interests and pleasures to throw away a remembrance on an unfortunate stranger, he still continued to languish in a severe captivity, the rigors of which were uniformly enforced, as they had never been countermanded. Shut out from society, never leaving his gloomy cell but to go between a double rank of guards to mass, forbidden the use of pen and paper, and every inlet blocked up, from whence he might have been informed how things went on in the world, he patiently resigned himself to his fate; and giving up all his hopes and joys in this life, calmly attended the moment when he should be removed from the proud man's wrongs and the oppressor's injuries, and awaited that *arrêt* which awaits us all, and which is the instrument of impartial and unerring justice. His slavery had begun in the proudest prime of his life, but year had passed on after year, till age had joined care, to deepen the wrinkles in his face and shed snows upon his head.

After forty years' imprisonment, which had rendered him almost forgetful of the world by which he was forgotten, the old governor paid his last debt to nature. The

one appointed in his stead, by an etiquette of office, was obliged to give in the state of his prison, and names of its prisoners, to the Government; and behold the unfortunate Frenchman on the list! His name excited curiosity, and it happily led to inquire the nature of his offence. But here every one was in the dark; the ministers of the moment were either dead or disgraced at Turin, as at Versailles, and no one could discover why this stranger had been doomed to captivity. On a strict inquiry, however, as well as from an application to himself, the truth came out, and it was known that he had been sacrificed to gratify the personal resentment of a French minister, who had long been dust and ashes, and whose power was no more remembered. An immediate order was given to release the noble captive; and in his way to his native country, he heard of the ball of Chamberry, and his curiosity led him to make one in a gay scene, to which he had so long been a stranger, and to observe the change of fashions and manners that had taken place during the dull uniformity of his long imprisonment."

Dr. Whalley talked well at the dinner-table, and had the skill that few possess in rightly interpolating jest or story. How well he could convey his own sense of enjoyment is delightfully shown in his dramatic representation by French dialogue of his intercourse with a certain Count d'Ambrieu, an enthusiast for mesmerism. Nothing could be more lively and entertaining in its way.

We have but slightly indicated the variety and fullness of good matter in these suggestive volumes. From the letters, in which certain phases of life are cleverly painted in miniature, we must be content to take one passage, a tale of a curious stage-coach passenger, as told, not by Charles Mathews the elder, but by the tragic muse herself, by Mrs. Siddons, in a long letter of gossip addressed to Mrs. Whalley:—

"We were five of us in the machine, all females but one, a youth of about sixteen, and the most civilized being you can conceive, a native of Bristol too.

"One of the ladies was, I believe, verily a little insane, her dress was the most peculiar, and manner the most offensive, I ever remember to have met with; her person was taller and more thin than you can imagine, her hair raven black, drawn as tight as possible over her cushion before and behind, and at the top of her head was placed a solitary fly-cap of the last century, composed of materials of about twenty sorts, and as dirty as the ground;

her neck, which was a thin scrag of a quarter of a yard long, and the color of a walnut, she wore uncovered for the solace of all beholders, her Circassian was an olive-colored cotton of three several sorts, about two breadths wide in the skirt, and tied up exactly in the middle in one place only. She had a black petticoat, spotted with red, and over that a very thin white muslin one, with a long black gauze apron, and without the least hoop. I never in my life saw so odd an appearance, and my opinion was not singular, for wherever we stopped, she inspired either mirth or amazement, but was quite innocent of it herself. On taking her seat amongst us at Bristol, she flew into a violent passion on seeing one of the windows down; I said I would put it up if she pleased; 'To be sure,' said she, 'I have no ambition to catch my death.' No sooner had she done with me, but she began to scold the woman who sat opposite to her for touching her foot: 'You have not been used to riding in a coach, I fancy, good woman.' She met in this lady a little more spirit than she had found in me, and we were obliged to her for keeping this unhappy woman in tolerable order the remainder of the day. Bless me! I had almost forgot to tell you that I was desired to make tea at breakfast. Vain were my endeavors to please this strange creature; she had desired to have her tea in a basin, and I followed her directions as near as it was possi-

ble in the making her tea, but she had no sooner tasted it than she bounced to the window and threw it out, declaring she had never met with a set of such awkward, ill-bred people; what could be expected in a stage-coach, indeed? She snatched the canister from me, poured a great quantity into the basin, with sugar, cream, and water, and drank it altogether.

"Did you ever hear of anything so strange? When we sat down to dinner, she seemed terrified to death lest anybody should eat but herself. The remaining part of our journey was made almost intolerable by her fretfulness; one minute she was screaming out lest the coachman should overturn us; she was sure he would, because she would not give him anything for neglecting to keep her trunk dry; and, though it was immoderately hot, we were obliged very often to sit with the windows up, for she had been told that the air was pestilential after sunset, and that however other people liked it, she did not choose to hazard her life by sitting with the windows open. All were disposed, for the sake of peace, to let her have her own way, except the person whom we were really obliged to for quieting her every now and then. She had been handsome, but was now, I suppose, sixty years old. I pity her temper, and am sorry for her situation, which I have set down a disappointed old maid."

KNIGHT OF THE CARPET.—In Baker's *Northamptonshire*, i. 307, pedigree of Lord Winchelsea and Nottingham's family, a Sir Thomas Finch, living 1558, is styled "Knight of the Carpet." Can any one explain? H. S. G.

[The carpet knight is a term characteristically applied to those who obtained their honors "with unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration" (Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act III., Sc. 4), amidst the holiday gifts of their sovereign, rather than bravely acquired in the field of battle, or boasting a prescriptive claim by proving victorious at a tournament. Greene uses the term in "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon," 1601:—

.... "Soldiers, come away:

This *carpet knight* sits carping at our scars."

Of their insignificance and futile employments innumerable passages may be adduced from early writers, with whom it was current as a term of great contempt. The character is minutely delineated in the following lines from "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate, together with a Wives behaviour after marriage," by Patrick Hannay, Gent., 1622:—

"A carpet knight, who makes it his chiefe care
To trick him neatly up, and doth not spare

(Though sparing) precious time for to devoure
Consulting with his glasse, a tedious houre
Soone flees, spent so, while each irregular haire
His Barbor rectifies, and to seeme rare,
His heat-lost lockes, to thicken closely curles,
And curiously doth set his misplac'd purles;
Powders, perfumes, are then profusely spent,
To rectify his native nasty scent:

The forenoone's task perform'd, his way he takes,
And chamber practis'd craving curtsies makes
To each he meets; with cringes and screw'd faces,
(Which his too partial glasse approv'd for graces :)
Then dines, and after courts some courtly Dame,
Or idle busie-bout mispending game;
Then suppes, then sleepes, then rises for to spend
Next day as that before, as 'twere the end
For which he came; so womaniz'd turn'd Dame,
As place 'mongst Ovid's changlings he might
claime;

What? doe not such discover their weake minde
(Unapt for active vertue) is inclin'd
To superficial things, and can imbrace
But outward habits for internall grace?"

For other notices of carpet knights, consult Nares's *Glossary*; Brydges's *British Bibliographer*, ii. 86; Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, xi. 458; and Dodsley's *Old Plays*, edit. 1825 iii. 273.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Spectator.

THE HORSES OF THE SAHARA.*

THIS is a very singular, but very delightful book, and one which touches a vast variety of chords. It may appear strange that the sublimest natural poetry of the world should have clustered round the desert, while the gorgeous luxuriance of the tropical world should have left the mind a comparative blank, or distorted it into monstrous, misshapen thought. Can it be that the ideal, as distinguished from the purely intellectual, activity, varies inversely with the multitude of the surrounding objects? Some of the greatest works of genius have been produced in captivity. Bodily confinement, for a time at least, intensifies all our ideas. In a similar manner, the comparative paucity of objects in the desert may have led to the richness and sublimity of the Eastern poetry, by condensing ardent thoughts upon comparatively few outward objects. For richness in poetry consists not in the multitude of objects passed, in review, but in the multitude of thoughts springing out of one object. Again the Oriental hyperbole itself, in its very sublimity seems to arise partly from the diminished opportunity for comparison—comparison being the only school of exactness—and partly from the apparent immensity of the desert. Woman, the horse, the camel, and the lion, are, and for ages have been, the chief objects of the Arab's contemplation. Add to this the burning desert, the shining heavens, a life at once monotonous and yet of daily peril and adventure, the desolation, the grandeur, the sense of power, and we seem to have a key to the whole monotheistic poetry of the East, if not in its actual birth, at least in that form in which it is historically known to us.

In the volume before us, translated in fine mainly English, from the French by Mr. James Hutton, we have side by side the results of the sixteen years' experience of a French cavalry officer, and the commentaries and speculations of the now gray-haired Abd-el-Kader. On the one hand, we have the shrewd, matter-of-fact, highly civilized European, pursuing the inquiries of a military stud

groom with a keen, cold eye to the science of French glory, yet stooping to pluck the blossoms of Oriental poetry with military *bonhomie*, as we stoop to pick up flowers, no doubt congratulating himself on his extra-official capacity to pursue an *étude du genre*; on the other, the hoary Emir beguiled into pouring out the legendary lore of his ancestors in language sublime as that of our Bible, with the dignity and sweetness of a veteran, kind from the hereditary absence of fear, and grave from the hereditary habit of danger, yet with the unconscious simplicity throughout of large-eyed hereditary childhood. Such a book cannot fail to produce in the mind of the reader a quaint, and almost melancholy, but not unpleasing, mirage of associations between the East and West, the old and new, the natural and artificial, the changeable and the seemingly eternal and unchangeable.

How the acute and sceptical Frenchman succeeded in drawing from the jealous bosom of the Arab Emir the hidden treasures of his ancestral poetry, without ruffling his simple faith, is a puzzle; but that he did it, this volume sufficiently proves. "Praise be to the one God!" says Abd-el-Kader, "to Him who remains ever the same amidst the revolutions of this world." We seem, as we read, to feel the breath of the unchangeable desert. The Arab, speaks, indeed, of the revolutions of this world, but to him they are the gyrations of an outer universe, of which the desert, vast and, to him, illimitable, is the immutable and burning centre. He speaks of political revolutions as we speak of the revolutions of the moon round the earth, or of Mars and Jupiter round the sun. We know by induction and faint experience that those revolutions exist; but to us the centre of the world is our own speck of sand. So is the desert to the Arab chief. "You ask me," he proceeds, "for information as to the origin of the Arab horse." Here follows an Arab compliment full of grace and poetry. "You are like unto a fissure in a land dried up by the sun, and which no amount of rain, however abundant, will ever be able to satisfy." These Arabs seem once upon a time to have lived in heaven somewhere, and tasted the courtesy of angels. What is time to them? They can afford to stop and be gracious. Their compliments are not likely to be accused of

* *The Horses of the Sahara and the Manners of the Desert.* By E. Daumas, General of Division commanding at Bordeaux, Senator, etc., etc., with Commentaries by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. Translated from the French by James Hutton.

design. "Know, then, that among us it is admitted that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created Adam out of the mud." "Among us,"—he says politely,—not that he had any doubt in his own mind, but that he wrote to his friend, and did not dream to browbeat him whom he invested with that first of titles. He immediately adds, "This cannot be questioned. Several prophets—peace be with them!—have proclaimed it." There is something very noble and touching in the words "*as* He created Adam out of the mud." Had he said "but" instead of "as," a sarcasm would have been implied, which is entirely absent. The devotion of the Arab to the horse has a faint reminiscence of the Egyptian adoration of the animal world, but purified of the mystery and grossness, and raised to the rank of a mythological, but intellectual gratitude. It is as if he said, "The horse is my best earthly friend. True, I am the superior creature. So Allah willed it. But I should be little enough without him. Honor to whom honor is due. I was created out of the mud, but thou wert created out of the wind." "Do you wish to know," he asks, "if Allah created the horse before man, or if he created man before the horse?" Listen: "Allah created the horse before man and the proof is that man *being* the superior creature, Allah would naturally give unto him all that he would require before creating himself. When Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself!'—and the wind condensed itself. Then came the angel Gabriel, and he took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark chestnut horse."

In all this the Arab does not trouble himself with the inconsistency. He does not ask himself why *he* was not created out of the wind. It was so, and it was well. So, he says, Allah created the male before the female, *for* the male is more noble than the female, and besides, more vigorous and potent, and the divine power *is wont to create the stronger of the two first*. The horse most yearns after the combat and the race, is more fleet and patient of fatigue, and shares his rider's emotions of hatred and tenderness. It is a very curious and pregnant tradition that, as the Arab horse was created before

the foreign ("For the Almighty has in no case created the species before the genus"), so, after Ishmael, who, after Adam, took possession of the finest and most spirited horses, Solomon should have preserved the one single stock from which all the best Arab horses are descended. For the legend we must refer our readers to Abd-el-Kader's own version of it. He divides the history of the Arab horse into four great epochs: 1st, from Adam to Ishmael; 2d, from Ishmael to Solomon; 3d, from Solomon to Mohammed; 4th, from Mohammed to our own times.

But by what outward signs do the Arabs recognize a horse to be noble—to be "a drinker of air"? The Emir enumerates thinness of lips and of the interior cartilage of the nose, dilated nostrils, leanness of the flesh encircling the veins of the head, the graceful manner the neck is attached, softness of the coat, main, and hairs of the tail, breadth of chest, largeness of joints, and leanness of the extremities. But the moral characteristics are even more important. Thoroughbred horses have no vice, have a remarkable endurance of hunger and thirst, rare intelligence, and a grateful affection for the hand that feeds them. They love their masters, and, as a rule, will suffer no other person to mount them. They will not touch what another horse has left, and (this seems strange enough) will take pleasure in troubling with their feet whatever limpid water they may meet with.

But although the Arab prefers the horse in many respects, there are other points in which the mare comes in for a large share of his regard. The profit to be derived from a mare is often very great, as much, in fact, as from three to four thousand pounds. Hence the common exclamation, "The head of riches is a mare that produces a mare." "And our Lord Mohammed, the messenger of God, hath said, 'The greatest of blessings is an intelligent woman, or a prolific mare.'" This is a compliment and a suggested comparison which is as pleasing to the Arabian woman, as it no doubt would be, if addressed to our own fair horsewomen. "The back of a mare is a seat of honor," saith the Prophet. And his interpreters affirm this to be because the pace of a mare is more easy and agreeable. Some even consider that the easiness of her gait will after a time render her rider effeminate. Here, of course, the analogy ceases. Not one Eng-

lishwoman in ten thousand can be accused of promoting effeminacy. Angularity of gait decidedly prevails. On the other hand, the points of comparison are numerous. A mare does not neigh in time of war like the horse, and a thoroughbred woman holds her tongue in time of danger. Then, again, she is less sensitive as to hunger, thirst, and heat. Indeed, in the last matter the woman, the mare, and the serpent are alike, that their life and vigor are doubled in the hottest season. But in one point the mare has a very decided inferiority, and that is in the little attention

she requires. She feeds on anything and she requires no watchman, whereas the horse requires constant attendance. The attention which civilized women require is one of their greatest charms. We can only repeat, that General Daumas's work on the horses of the desert, adorned rather than disguised by Mr. Hutton's translation, can hardly fail to enchant a very numerous class of readers, old and young. We have done little more than indicate the character of the book, and left by far the greater part of it untouched

RUSSIA'S REASON ;

Or, the Plea of Poland Answered.

POLAND writhes at the triangles,
Rent and raw from head to heel,
While the Russian Knouter mangles,
Every inch that yet can feel.

France and England, Austria even,
Looking on in ruth and shame,
Call on Russia, ere she's driven,
To give up the bloody game.

Gortschakoff, with cool assurance,
Answers, "Poland writhes and groans,
Not for sufferings past endurance ;
Not for wrongs to waken stones ;

"Not for slaughter of her martyrs ;
Not for seizure of her sons ;
Not for pikes of Russia's Tartars,
Not for grape of Russia's guns :

"But because, in mad impatience,
She *will* twitch and turn and twist,
Causing irritant sensations
At the ankle and the wrist.

"Let her take her knouting coolly,
And not strain the cords that bind,
She will find the Czar most duly
Liberal, indulgent, kind !

"Till she bears the ropes that cord her
Without struggle, stress, and strain,
Agitation and Disorder,
As we see, in Warsaw reign."

—Punch.

HERE comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes ;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter his actions are summary."

WEATHER PROPHECY.—I subjoin a complete copy of the lines which are, I believe, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum :—

"If Christmas Day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see ;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick :
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply ;
That year is good for lands to till.
Kings and Princes shall die by skill ;
If a child that day born should be
It shall happen right well for thee,—
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished with doubt :
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide."

W. I. S. HORTON.

—Notes and Queries.

IN Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find
place,
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base ;
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers or barges, odd rot 'em ?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.

It seems as if Nature had curiously planned
That men's names with their trades should agree ;
There's Twining, the Teaman, who lives in the Strand,
Would be whining, if robbed of his T.

From The Saturday Review.

THE RETURN OF THE DARK AGES.

THERE can hardly be a more interesting and important inquiry for Englishmen of the present day than to ask whether it is possible that, in spite of all our progress and civilization, we should have, at some period or other, a return of the dark ages. Of course the world cannot go back exactly to what it has been. Similar as are all the generations of mankind, yet no two are alike, and even periods having a sufficient general resemblance to offer instructive parallels are really full of endless differences. We are not likely to return to feudalism, and to bloody baronial wars, and to pilgrimages to the shrines of saints. But it is not at all clear that the time may not come when the advance of thought will cease, and when learning will die out except in a few exceptional and powerless minds. It would be very rash to say that this will be so, for the most we can come to is a suspicion that it may be so; and we may be very sure that there would be new light after the darkness, and that a natural and necessary reaction would again give an impulse to thought. But it would be very rash to say that there may not be, in the lifetime of persons now born, a time of temporary eclipse—a time when the seeds perhaps of great changes may be laid, and the preparation begun for a vigorous burst of original thought, but when on the surface there will be a reign of intellectual fixity and stagnation. In the dark ages, as they are called, there were hundreds of great men, and of men of enlightened views, who served their generation in their day. There was no universal paralysis of thought. There were many great principles at work, and some of the chief flowers of human excellence were then blossoming freely. But the ages were dark because the thought and feeling of men worked in the same groove, and everything outside was ignored. Whatever could come within the compass of Latin Christianity and Roman law and scholasticism and the traditions of the conquering barbarian tribes, seemed intelligible, natural, and credible. Everything beyond was a howling wilderness haunted by the wild beasts of heresy and witchcraft. The range of thought was wide enough to embrace many of the greatest conquests of the human mind. The intellectual food of the dark ages was not of a meagre

and vulgar kind. Catholicism and the Aristotelian philosophy and Roman jurisprudence are among the greatest things the world has ever seen. But we nevertheless pronounce the middle ages dark, because the men that lived in them had, on the whole, a singular rigidity and limitation of thought. Their minds were nourished on good food, but still did not grow. It is by no means clear that Western Europe may not have to go through another period when again there will be no intellectual growth, and when such literary activity as there may be will take the form of going in different shapes over the same familiar ground. It is possible that the progress of thought may be like the progress of the sea on a coast affected by mutations. Sometimes the sea comes on with a rush, and a century will see a totally new indentation of the coast. Then, for a time, the sea only just holds its own, and its daily ebb and flow merely carries it up to the same point.

Perhaps the three strongest grounds on which most persons would be inclined to base their belief that the sea of intellectual progress must always advance, would be the great literary activity at present displayed in Western Europe, the strides we are making in material wealth, and the unresting daily gain of physical science. It is worth while, therefore, to consider how far we can rely on these grounds. It is true that there is considerable literary activity in Western Europe. But it must be remembered that literatures quite as great and vigorous as any we now see in activity have come to a stop. The ancient world was swept away by the modern, and we ought therefore, perhaps, to draw no conclusions from the decay of Greece and Rome. We need not be afraid of any new irruption of barbarians. And as we have accustomed ourselves to dispose of the curious finality of Arabic and Hindoo and Chinese thought by the formula that Orientals are born with limited intellects, we cannot safely go beyond Europe. But European nations in modern days have had their short-lived intellectual flowering time. The literature of Italy was one of the highest order, and the literature of Spain was scarcely inferior. Yet both came soon to an end. And, apparently, Germany has met with the same fate. Half a century ago, Germany was the most powerful agent in determining the thought of Europe. German philosophy and German poetry

added a totally new element to our intellectual wealth. Now Germany is lost in analysis. The Germans inquire, and record the results of inquiry, but they do not create. In France, there are evident symptoms of intellectual decay. If the empire were to flourish for fifty years longer, the literature of France might die out as entirely as the literature of Rome did under the successors of the Cæsars. The French cannot even have the satisfaction of thinking that the reign of their Augustus is adorned by a Virgil and a Horace. Nor, if England stood alone, can we be at all sure that her intellectual activity would long remain unimpaired. If we had no contemporary living thought to excite and correct our own, we should at least lose what, for the last two centuries, has been our greatest intellectual help.

Putting aside for the moment physical science and material greatness, what is there in English thought to make us very confident that it could stand this trial? There are the great recollections, the noble history of the country, and that political continuity of our institutions which makes us feel as if we were in a manner still living in the England of Shakspeare and Milton and Bacon. But the intellectual triumphs of England have been, at least in recent years, associated in a very intimate degree with the independence of the upper classes, who have been in the habit of thinking as they pleased, and speaking their thoughts out. Now, it is conceivable that this independence should diminish and that it may even now be on the wane. We have popularized thought, and have given social and political influence to a large number of half-educated persons. We may be swallowed up by our own creation. The Church, for example, may pass for a season under the tyranny of Sunday-school teachers. It may come to pass that a theology will be taught, the essence of which shall be not that it is true, but that it is what can be taught in schools and preached in pulpits without offence and without trouble. No one can deny that some advance to this has already been made, and that theological questions are treated by a large number—we might almost say by a large majority—of laymen and clergymen, not with reference to truth, but with reference to the safety and welfare of institutions. If the institutions themselves deteriorate, then that which is

supposed to uphold them will be continually of a lower and lower character. In spite of its great position, and of the efforts of the more liberal and high-minded clergy, and of the attachment of educated laymen to it, the Church has begun to deteriorate perceptibly in many respects. The bishops of the present day are a poorer, weaker, more timid set of men than they used to be. They bow down before the brass idol of middle-class society, instead of bowing down before the golden idol of good society. They go in a herd, without individual independence or thought. They want to stand well with the great banking interest, and the great grocer interest, and a hundred other great interests of the kind. A large proportion of the rising clergy are literates—that is, men turned out after the narrow pattern of theological seminaries. The clergy are still learned and honorable and upright, for great institutions do not change all at once, but they are not so much so as they were. They are quite as zealous as ever, and perhaps they are more zealous than they used to be at the beginning of the century. But unlearned zeal is exactly what flourished in the middle ages. It is possible that the Church may pass through a time when it will be worked by a clergy of the type of zealous Sunday-school teachers, headed by a set of bishops laboring for the welfare of the institution and for nothing else, and ruling their subordinates with a rod of iron. So far as intellectual progress is concerned, what is this but the Church of the middle ages stripped of its poetry?

If we can conceive English thinkers deprived of the two great aids of Continental thought and a sincere and learned theology, we shall at least see that they are exposed to great dangers, and that it is not quite impossible that English thought may for a time cease, as Italian and German thought has ceased, and as French is ceasing, to display itself with its old energy. This danger would also be enormously increased if the political independence of the upper classes were cut away by sweeping changes, and if six-pound householders reigned supreme. It is true that the English mind would still find an outlet for itself in commerce and locomotion, and the inventiveness which leads to wealth. But thought is only in a very slight degree connected with this. Commercial enterprise secures a nation from complete torpor; but it by no means impels the

intellect into the higher regions of thought. It might even for a time give a fatal consolation to the better order of minds for the suppression of originality and intellectual independence, and for the loss of political influence. The last hope is in physical science, and we must acknowledge that the indirect effects of the pursuit of physical science are invaluable. Physical science confers two benefits on mankind, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. It offers a range of boundless inquiry. There is no end to the investigations that may be made, no limit to the hypotheses which must be framed. It therefore tends in an eminent degree to prevent anything like fixity of thought. In the second place, physical science forces men to come to direct issues, and to place before themselves the distinct question whether a thing is true or not. Physical science checks the tendency of men living in old, long-established, comfortable societies to palm off vague phrases for reasons, and to substitute

roundabout guesses for explanations. But, on the other hand, there are two obvious limitations of the beneficial effects of physical science. As it is really very remote from human life, it is very easy to get rid of it in some way or other, and to quietly ignore it. Some formula is soon invented by which, as it is said, physical science is reconciled with the fancies or belief of the formulist, and then seems to have been disposed of forever. And then, again, this remoteness of physical science from human life disconnects it from all literary activity and from any very salutary control over the national character. The Germans have lately done great things in physical science, but their success has been achieved since German thought ceased to influence Europe largely. Therefore we must not rely on physical science too blindly. It may do something to prevent the return of the dark ages, or to mitigate the darkness if they do return, but it may not wholly preserve us from a season of fixed thought and of intellectual depression.

THE UNITED STATES.—In the year 1852 I wrote an account of a tour in the Northern part of the American Union, which was published in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in six numbers. A great portion of it was devoted to an inquiry into the causes of the peculiar phases which society and government present in the United States. The expression of a strong opinion as to the inevitable and speedy approach of disruption and dismemberment excited some opposition at the time. I found few persons who considered my theories to be sound; many ridiculed them as romantic; and nearly every one believed my prognostications to be false.

Perhaps some of your correspondents can inform me where similar anticipations to those which here follow are to be found. Probably others may have formed opinions as strong at a still earlier period.

Extract from "A Flying Shot at the United States, 6th Round," *Dublin University Magazine*, April, 1853, p. 517 :—

"What may be the end of the negro controversy it is difficult to say, but the fate of the Union probably hangs upon it. When the American insurgents, with the view of increasing popular excitement, fished up 'Forefather's Rock,' it is said that the trophy broke into halves. What was then hailed as an omen of success was perhaps typical of the future division of the Republic. It is folly to suppose that any strong bond of union, or any germ of real stability can exist in a country which so unequivocally recognizes the right of revolution. The different States will only hold together so long as their several interests are furthered by the compact, and the first great rup-

ture will be the signal for others. From the rivalry among the great cities, it may be seen that equality will not long be recognized among them; and when we notice the frequent use of the terms 'Empire City,' 'The First City in the Union,' we are naturally led to believe that new divisions may, ere long, be made, and that New York, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, etc., are likely each to become the centre of systems which have not yet started into existence. . . . What may be the ultimate fate of the Union is an enigma to be solved. *It has not yet reached the limit of human existence, nor numbered 'years threescore and ten.'** The question whether it may last five, fifty, or five hundred years, affords matter for speculation; without doubt it stands upon a shaky foundation.

"About the time of the first resistance to English authority on the part of America, a great eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place; and in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the pope offers a present of a block of Italian marble to make a statue of Washington, it appears that a piece of lava from the burning mountain has been selected as an appropriate pedestal."

When I wrote the above I certainly entertained a somewhat superstitious belief that the limit of human existence would not be exceeded in the life of the Union. The election of Mr. Lincoln, if it should turn out to be the beginning of the end, would just about finish the seventy years.

THE AUTHOR OF "HEARTHES AND
—Notes and Queries. WATCFIRES."

* It may here be remarked, that the American democracy properly dates its commencement from the year 1789.

From The Saturday Review.

SHARPE'S EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MR. SHARPE has the great merit of having, as far as we can know, written the only History of Egypt which can be understood by those who do not glorify themselves with that hard name "Egyptologist." We do not know how far Sir George Lewis would have accepted even Mr. Sharpe's history as authentic; still, as contrasted with Baron Bunsen, Mr. Sharpe gives us something which, whether it really happened or not, at any rate might have happened. We at least know what he means, which is more than we can say after toiling diligently through the large octavos of Baron Bunsen. And Mr. Sharpe has also the still greater merit—one almost unparalleled in a professed Egyptian student—of seeing that the later and more certain Egyptian history is at least as important as that which is earlier, and, we must venture to say, more doubtful. He fully grasps the fact that the time when Egypt had a real influence upon the world in general was not in the days of its old barbaric grandeur, but in the days of its apparent bondage under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars. Probably Mr. Sharpe would not venture to assert this in quite so strong a form as we have put it; but a large part of his history shows that he practically recognizes it all the same. Egypt, in these later times, served the world, or, at any rate, influenced the world in two distinct ways. It afforded a field for the development of some particular phases of the Greek mind for whose development room could hardly have been found in Greece itself. The old republics of Greece were pre-eminently the cradles of Greek genius—of genius alike in politics, in poetry, in oratory, in contemporary history, in architecture, and the other fine arts. But, just because they were so pre-eminently the cradles of pure genius, they were not so well adapted to receive a less glorious, but far from contemptible, after-growth of the Greek mind, for which a more natural abode was provided at the court of a great Greek monarchy out of Greece. The learning and science of Greece, as distinguished from its original genius, had their natural home at Alexandria just as much as its original ge-

nus had its natural home at Athens. The Ptolemies had advantages over every other dynasty of the ancient world. They had not the guilt of destroying freedom, like the Tyrants in Greece itself. They did not rule over a brave, turbulent, half-civilized people like the Macedonians, at once tempted to constant aggressions against the neighboring republics to the south, and driven to resist constant aggressions on the part of the neighboring barbarians to the north. The Egyptians, so long as their religion and its usages were respected, made the most docile of subjects. Indeed, after the bigoted domination of Persia, the tolerant rule of the Greek kings may have called forth something almost like active loyalty. Thus Alexandria became a great Greek colony, the grand centre of a particular form of Greek intellectual life. Nor must it be thought that this makes the later history of Egypt merely a history of Greeks in Egypt, and not a history of Egypt itself. The old Egyptian national life lived on by the side of the Greek life of Alexandria, and at last re-asserted its equality with it. Under the Roman government, Egypt sank again from a kingdom to a province, and the rule of the Cæsars was far less liberal than that of the Macedonian kings. Then came Christianity, with its teaching addressed alike to Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, and which was zealously adopted by the native population, though in a form differing from European orthodoxy, Eastern or Western. Then, too, the foundation of Constantinople transferred much of the intellectual life of Alexandria to the New Rome, and the native Egyptian mind was thus enabled in some sort to conquer the Macedonian colony which had been so long planted on its shore. Hence arose that religious and political antagonism between Egypt and Constantinople which forms the key to so much of the history of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and which proved the cause of the speedy conquest of the country by the Saracen invader. Here we can distinctly see the old Egyptian nationality directly influencing some of the most important events in history, and playing a really greater part in human affairs than it ever could have done in the days of its barbaric isolation. Mr. Sharpe stands, as far as we know, alone, in having written, with great common sense and with respecta-

* *Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum.* Described by Samuel Sharpe, Author of the "History of Egypt." London: John Russell Smith.

ble accuracy, this long consecutive history of Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Patriarchs, as well as of native Pharaohs. We do not presume to weigh him in any purely "Egyptological" balance, but he is certainly the only writer we know who has set forth with any sort of clearness, what, after all, is "Egypt's place in" any really "Universal History."

We cannot help being amused—indeed, we are not quite sure that Mr. Sharpe does not himself intend a little quiet sarcasm—at the following exposition of the utter uncertainty of the professed Egyptian chronology:

"The dates are here given to the kings according to the author's *History of Egypt*; but it is almost unnecessary to remark that not a little doubt hangs over those given to some of the oldest of the Egyptian monuments. Those monuments which have kings' names upon them, and are more modern than the reign of Shishank, who fought against the Jewish King Rehoboam about the year B.C. 975, are seldom so far doubtful as twenty or thirty years. As to the earlier Theban monuments of Amosis, Amunothph, Thothmosis, and Rameses, some of our antiquaries would place them about 200 years earlier than the dates in this catalogue; and there are a few monuments which they consider even 1,000 or 1,500 years older than our dates. Such are some of those found near the pyramids of Memphis, and such also are the Theban inscriptions which were made before the time of Amosis, who drove out the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, about the year B.C. 1540, according to this chronology. In the case of those monuments which have no kings' names upon them, their age has been judged from their resemblance, in respect to their mythology and style of art, to those which have names.

"If the reader should wish to know the dates given to the Egyptian kings by the best-known German scholars, he may learn them by adding to our chronology three intervals of time, for which we have no buildings in Egypt; one of 200 years, one of 500, and one of 800. To our dates immediately before the year B.C. 1000, or between the kings of Lower Egypt and the great kings of Thebes he may add 200 years. This is to be done upon the supposition that Rameses II. and not Thothmosis III. is the Menophra of the Sothic period, or of B.C. 1322. To our dates before the year B.C. 1450 he may add 500 more, or 700 in all. This is for the time when the shepherds tyrannized over Egypt, and is to be placed between the great kings of Thebes and the earlier kings, as if no native kings were then reigning; but this interval is not allowed by either Eratosthenes

or the Tablet of Abydos, as shown in pp. 76 and 78. To our date of the Great Pyramids and their builders he may add 800 more, or 1,500 years in all; but this interval is not allowed by Eratosthenes, as shown in p. 78. In this way, however, may be learned the dates sometimes given to the Egyptian kings according to what may be called the long chronology."

Mr. Sharpe's immediate object in the present volume is to illustrate the Egyptian remains in the British Museum. He gives a numbered list, with many illustrations, and a description of each object, containing many remarks distinguished by his usual good sense. It is only fair to quote his general estimate of Egyptian art as compared with that of Greece. No doubt he gives the old barbaric sculptors credit for more than many will be inclined to allow; still there is, in Mr. Sharpe's criticisms, an utter absence of that extravagant admiration which generally distinguishes "Egyptologists." Mr. Sharpe first of all explains some disadvantages under which the Egyptian artists labored, and shows the effect this produced on their works:—

"The Egyptian bas-reliefs show us a side-face and legs walking sideways with a front chest and a full eye. They are rather less stiff than the statues; they have rather more of the freedom of drawings, but not so much as we might have looked for. This perhaps may be explained from the artists' very little practice in either drawing or painting. They had very little wood, which was what the Greeks painted upon; they had not invented oil-colors, and so could not paint on canvas; and they had no large sheets of paper. They were limited to narrow strips of papyrus, to the walls of their public buildings, and their wooden mummy-cases. Hence the art of copying the human form was chiefly studied in making statues; and whatever stiffness arose therein from the nature of the sculptor's materials and tools was carried into his drawings, and he lost that freedom which a more frequent use of the brush and pencil would have given him."

Presently, on coming to the colossal statue of King Amunothph III., whose date, in his system, is about B.C. 1250, he gives us a fuller exposition of the whole matter:—

"We have no better specimen in this country of Egyptian sculpture. The whole figure is quiet and grand and in good proportions, except that the thighs are too short. . . . The nose and beard are broken. The rest of

the figure is perfect, and shows very high excellence in art. The chief fault is that seen in almost all the sitting statues of Egypt, the thighs are not long enough. The horizontal line from the point of the knee to the back, is about one-sixth part too short. The stomach also is too flat. The whole is, as it ought to be, better than the parts. There is no false ornament, or affected knowledge of anatomy; no attempts at anything but what the artist was well able to perform. The attitude is simple, and almost in straight lines, the body without motion, the face without expression. But, nevertheless, there is great breadth in the parts, justness in most of the proportions, and true grandeur in the simplicity. At a little distance the faults are unseen, and there is nothing mean or trifling to call off the eye from admiring the whole.

"These Egyptian statues show the superiority of rest over action in representing the sublime in art. The Greek statues have much that is wanting in these. The Greeks have muscular action, with far greater beauty and grace. The Greek statues show pain, fear, love, and a variety of passions, but few of them are equal to those of Egypt in impressing on the mind of the beholder the feelings of awe and reverence. The two people were unlike in character; and the artists, copying from their own minds, gave the character of the nation to their statues. Plato saw nothing but ugliness in an Egyptian statue. The serious, gloomy Egyptians had aimed at an expression not valued by the more gay and lively Greeks; and the artist who wishes to give religious dignity to his figures should study the quiet sitting colossus of Amunothph III. In Michael Angelo's statue of the Duke Lorenzo in Florence we see how that great master in the same way made use of strength at rest when he wished to represent power and grandeur.

"The origin of the Egyptian style of art must be for the most part sought in the character of the nation, but in part also in the nature of the materials used. These statues were made by measurement, and without the help of models in clay. Indeed such a model could not be made of the Nile's mud; and though there are spots in Egypt where clay was dug for the small porcelain images, and for jars, yet it was not at hand for the sculptor for models. This in part explains both the merits and the faults of these statues. By trusting to his measures the artist made them for the most part correct in their larger parts, but from want of a model in soft materials, he had never learned freedom and accuracy of detail; nor had he ever had much practice as a draftsman. In p. 22 we have seen how the want of wood and paper to paint upon, and the want of oil-colors to en-

able him to paint on canvas, deprived him of skill in that branch of his art. Hence, without any practice in modelling, and with very little in drawing, he at once took in hand the chisel, and produced these grand statues by measurement and his eye, out of a block of the hardest stone. The nation's respect for a dead body forbade all study of anatomy by the knife. In making a mummy the body was never cut more than was necessary to take out the softer parts. That the statues were so good is truly wonderful. When we compare them with the Greek statues, let us remember that the Greek artist had gained his knowledge of the muscles and veins by dissection; he had learned freedom of hand by drawing on wooden panels: he modelled his figures in soft clay before he began to cut the stone; and then it was not, as in Egypt, a hard, dark-colored sienite, or granite, nor a coarse gritstone, nor a limestone full of shells, but a soft and white marble, of even substance, which taught him to aim at beauties and delicacies that would have been very much wasted on the dark-colored stones of Egypt."

This is perfectly fair and moderate criticism from one who is naturally inclined to look at things from the Egyptian side, and to make out as good a case as possible for the art of his favorite country. No doubt the sculpture of Egypt has, in a great degree, the effect of "awe and reverence;" still, there is, after all, something grotesque and barbaric about even the best specimens. It is not really human. Possibly it was not meant to be human; but human it certainly is not. But surely much Greek sculpture expresses "awe and reverence" in as high degree as anything Egyptian, and that, without any grotesque element at all, through the medium of the very highest form of art. A Greek artist designing a head of Zeus—the Zeus of Pindar or of the Suppliants of Æschylus—surely realized in a higher degree all that the Egyptian strove to realize in a statue of King Amunothph, with the addition of a great deal more of which the Egyptian had no notion at all. And again, did the Greeks learn anything by dissection any more than the Egyptians? Surely the great advantage which the Greeks had alike over Egyptian and modern sculptors was the constant opportunity of seeing everywhere, in the public games, the naked human figure in every variety of action. A journey to Sparta would give an opportunity of studying even the female figure, if not actually unclothed, at any rate

with much less restraint than in other times and places. Here was the great advantage of the Greek over both the Egyptian and the mediæval sculptor. The Greek had his eyes constantly accustomed to the sight of the naked figure; the modern sculptor supplies this want by his scientific anatomy; but the mediæval sculptor had no opportunity of either mode of improvement, and therefore he continually made his mere figure all wrong. Yet the part which he could study—the face—he often made, as the Egyptian never made it, of the most natural and expressive beauty. And in sculptures which, like those of the middle ages, were mainly either monumental or religious, much of the highest Greek art would have been out of place, while the virtues which Mr. Sharpe attributes to Egyptian art are exactly what is aimed at. We have no wish to be disrespectful to King Amunothph, but surely the figure of Queen Eleanor is nobler still.

In a later part of his book, Mr. Sharpe comments on a fact which very well illustrates the relation between the two styles of art. The Greek sculptors working in Egypt, especially in commemorating Egyptian priests, produced a peculiar style, not in direct imitation of anything Egyptian, but on which it is clear that the Egyptian monument had a direct effect. They evidently felt whatever was really grand in the Egyptian style, and realized its appropriateness to its object and to the country. To produce some degree of this effect without deserting the higher attributes of their own art, they fell back on the earliest and stiffest specimens of Grecian sculpture, and thus produced a style known as the "pseudo-antique." Mr. Sharpe engraves a fine figure of Hermes in the Museum in this style (117), and speaks of others in other collections—"statues of Egyptian priests made by Greek artists with yet more manifest aim at copying the stiff style of the ancients." On the whole, we must confess to a special interest in these later remains, whether raised by Greeks in honor of Egyptians or by Egyptians in honor of Greeks and Romans. Thus, there is an inscription speaking of "the King, Lord of the World, Tiberius, Son of the Sun, Lord of Battles, Giver of Life." We at once connect this with the way in which the Europeans are freely called βασιλεὺς in the New Testament, to say nothing of later writ-

ings, while the most cringing slave in Rome itself would still have shuddered at the title of *Rex*. The provinces, used for the most part, to kingly government, accepted the practical royalty of the Emperors as a fact, while at Rome it was still cloaked by all manner of ingenious devices. We see here, also, a specimen of the way in which the provinces at once recognized the divinity as well as the royalty of Cæsar. The "Son of the Sun" and "Giver of life," is not the deified Julius of Augustus, nor yet is it some frantic assumer of divinity, like Caius. It is the living Tiberius, first Senator of the Roman Republic, who at home shrank from the title of *Dominus* in the mouth of any one but a slave.

We have marked a few other curious things in the course of Mr. Sharpe's book. As a sensible man, writing to illustrate a particular collection, he constantly stops to point out things which a professed "Egyptologist" would probably take for granted, but which are just what the mass of intelligent visitors to the Museum will thank him for pointing out to them. Thus, "Queen Nitocris, probably the wife of Thothmosis II., styled Daughter of the Sun," and who always has feminine adjectives applied to her name, is "on an obelisk at Karnak, as everywhere else, represented as a man in figure and in dress." This Mr. Sharpe explains "by supposing that the sculptor meant to show that she was a Sovereign in her own right, and not simply a Queen Consort." This is the exact converse of the famous Hungarian formula of "King Maria Theresa."

The faces of the Egyptian statues, according to Mr. Sharpe, are not strictly intended for portraits in our sense; but those of the Kings "show the features of the royal and ruling class, which was certainly very different from those of the laboring classes." Mr. Sharpe gives also (in p. 30) some remarkable cases of what may be called palimpsest sculpture, where figures have been defaced and retouched in a way which, in his opinion, is to be attributed to some change in religious belief. In short, he has produced exactly the sort of book for his purpose, explaining all that would need explanation to an intelligent but non-technical visitor. He has very happily hit the mean between puerility on the one hand and an uncalled-for display of learning on the other.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

THE SULTAN AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

PARIS is in a ferment, for another imperial scheme has failed. The Suez Canal, which was to have turned the current of Asiatic trade and poured the wealth of the richer half of the world into the lap of Marseilles, has been blocked up by the Sultan, and France, woke up from a brilliant dream of ships, and commerce, and empire, rages against the "perfidious" power which so jealously guards all three. She is the more furious because the gallant adventurer who has received this terrible blow offered her a double prize. If France, through the malice of nature, could not have the trade which made Venice, and to French eyes seems to make England rich, at least she could have Egypt instead. It is now six years since M. Ferdinand Lesseps fancied that the prize for which he had toiled with such admirable perseverance was at last within his grasp. Backed by the whole influence of the Tuileries and the sympathies of all Southern France, he had succeeded in forming a company which, as he fondly hoped, would emulate in Egypt the great English company in India. Every kind of obstacle, natural, commercial, or diplomatic had been thrust aside or evaded with more than Oriental astuteness. The canal was pronounced impossible by the greatest of English engineers, but his objections were easily referred to the jealousy England was expected to feel at her approaching doom. The Dutch Government proved to a demonstration that if the canal were completed the sailing voyage down the Red Sea would take longer than one round the Cape, and that steam-tugs would cost twice as much as the difference of time would save, but M. Lesseps found a sufficient reply in appeals to the glory of France. The shares were not eagerly sought, but the Pasha, under sufficient pressure from France, took up enough to enable the scheme to float. The Sultan's assent was unattainable, but the powers of a hereditary Pasha are considerable, and exceedingly ill defined, and permission was given on the spot to commence the work in "anticipation of sanction." Labor was hard to procure, but Said Pasha was despotic, and the peasants were ordered to furnish twenty thousand unpaid laborers a month. The work when finished would, it was known, be useless, for no expenditure likely to be incurred by mankind would cut and keep open the canal into the shallows covered with water which extend for two miles beyond each mouth of the trench. Still M. Lesseps was confident. It was not possible for French East Indiamen to sail through Egypt, but it was possible, by a lavish expenditure of life, to dig a deep

trench through the Delta before the engineers came to the rock. It was possible to cut a fresh-water canal to convey Nile water to Suez; and it was possible to claim and obtain sovereign rights over the soil for a mile on each side of this latter, and of all future canals. His second scheme was therefore in a fair way of realization, for though a canal might never be made, still the control of a vast body of laborers, the introduction of hosts of engineers, contractors, superintendents, and gang masters, the association of the Pasha with the work, the unavailing struggles of English diplomatists, and above all, the right over the two-mile strips, would suffice to secure to France that paramount influence which is in the East so easily transmuted into substantial power. Once recognized throughout Egypt as the great employer of labor, the highest political influence, and the Pasha's irresistible creditor, the company might, on the first serious misfortune to Great Britain, acquire direct sway over at least a portion of Egypt. This was the end to which M. Lesseps directed all his efforts, and for a time it seemed that he might succeed. Egypt was flooded with Frenchmen. The populace, previously acquainted only with England, which travelled, and owned India and bombarded Jeddah, grew accustomed to look up to France as the first of European powers. The Pasha was ostentatious in his regard for the great company which pressed him so hard, and was to bring him so much wealth. A general belief was diffused that France was the heir of Egypt, when Said Pasha, who had been tormented for months by one of the most cruel of maladies, made a voyage to Europe, was received in France like a sovereign prince, was treated in England with cool neglect, and returning full of French prepossessions, suddenly died.

His death was a heavy shock to M. Lesseps, for Ismail Pasha was supposed to be "English," and England had pronounced against the canal. The belief that if India is to be retained without any English expenditure, Egypt must be English or neutral, is rooted into the British mind, and has far more foundation than most British ideas on the East. Liberty of transit through Egypt is not, indeed, quite so invaluable as it is the fashion to represent. Soldiers have always gone round the Cape, and will in all probability, always continue to go round, the progress of improvement in steamers being a great deal swifter than the development of African methods of transit. For letters and passengers the quickest route is through Turkey, not Egypt, from Seleucia to the Tigris, and so into waters where the English flag flies alone. But any great maritime power which held Egypt could land an acclimatized army

in India five weeks after the declaration of war, or in just one-third of the time required to despatch reinforcements. Egypt, moreover, being one of the countries within the Mohammedan ken, its ruler, if powerful, would be the subject of incessant solicitation from every Mohammedan malcontent, and every *éméute* might, by a little gold, be fostered into an armed revolt. Above all, the ruler of Egypt can starve Mecca, and Mecca is as powerful throughout the Mohammedan world as Rome among Ultramontanes. A proclamation from the Sherreef calling on the Musselmans of India to rise would cost us Madras in about six weeks and seriously hamper the viceroy in his efforts for its re-conquest. It is possible, of course, so to strengthen our rule in India as to render us independent of any menace or any invasion; but a state of armed preparation on such a scale would ruin Indian finances, and render improvement absolutely impossible. We may hold India under any circumstances short of a loss of maritime power; but to hold it easily and cheaply Egypt must remain neutral. Lord Palmerston, therefore, denounced M. Lesseps, and, unwilling to expose an intrigue which might involve a demand for embarrassing explanations, denounced the canal and so earned for himself the credit of "opposing civilization." The French papers resounded for weeks with denunciations of English selfishness, and there was a perceptible increase in subscriptions and in M. Lesseps' popularity.

The accession of a Pasha devoted to English interests was, therefore, a most unwelcome event, but M. Lesseps survived the danger. Ismail Pasha was cajoled, or coerced, or convinced into apparent quiescence, the canal works went on merrily, and the shareholders thought their great danger—a hostile Pasha, had been successfully overcome. They forgot as Europeans always forget, that they were dealing with Orientals. Ismail Pasha visited Constantinople, claimed his right of private audience, and when the Sultan returned his visit, the Egyptians knew that the game was played out. The Sultan, convinced that the completion of the canal without his consent seriously menaced his authority, resolved to forbid it publicly in an address to the European consuls assembled at Alexandria. Such an address would have ended the work at once, as the peasants would have refused their labor, and it was accordingly averted by the French representative. He refused to be present unless assured that the canal would not be mentioned, and the Sultan, afraid of an insult which in Egyptian eyes would have seemed a declaration of war, postponed his first resolve. It was, however

the first executed on his return, and with true Oriental *finesse*. The Sultan does not prohibit the canal. That would have been to "assail civilization" as frankly as Lord Palmerston, and the Sultan is not the first minister of the first maritime power. He, therefore, sanctions the canal, subject to one or two trifling and quite unobjectionable conditions. The rights to the territory on the side of the sub-canal must at once be given up, and with them the object for which the French Government has so strenuously befriended the project and patronized M. Lesseps. Next, forced labor must be abandoned as too injurious to the agriculture of the country from which, what with "reliefs" and travelling, it withdraws some sixty thousand able-bodied men. As no conceivable wages will tempt a fellah to abandon his home, and so risk his own harvest, his children's lives, and his wife's honor, all of which are in imminent danger the instant he is out of his village; and as there are no laborers but fellahs, and as canals cannot be cut without hands, the enterprise is at an end. Finally, the canal must be declared neutral in the event of war, a proposal which it will task the ingenuity of the ablest diplomatists merely to reduce to writing, and that neutrality must be guaranteed firstly by France which wants the canal and not the neutrality, and secondly by England which wants the neutrality but not the canal. The proposals are fatal, yet they contain nothing to which the Emperor of the French can object. Is the "protector of civilization" to insist on forced labor, or the defender of nationalities to deny the right of the Egyptians to their own property, or the ally of England to murmur because asked to agree with her in guaranteeing the humble ally of both? The emperor cannot for very shame take up such ground, and with Mexico resisting, and Poland in revolt, he cannot fall back on the easier argument, *fiat voluntas mea*.

Finally, and this is the turning point of Aali Pasha's despatch, the Porte protects all private rights. The shareholders have not a vestige of right, for the consent of the Sultan is stipulated in writing in every engagement signed by the Pasha, but it is not safe to irritate so deeply the capitalists of France. The fresh-water canal is really beneficial in the most direct proprietary sense; the credit of Egypt, in spite of Said Pasha's extravagance, is excellent; that of Turkey is not yet exhausted, and the Sultan and Pasha between them will repay the money expended, and "finish" or not finish, the canal between them. The shareholders have long been doubtful, the prospect of recovering their money will have an irresistible charm, and

we should not be surprised to see a formal vote passed in Marseilles next month accepting the Sultan's over liberal offer, and dissolving the company created to cut the Suez Canal. The *Constitutionnel* talks of possible explanations, and there will, of course, be agitation in the Divan and gossip without end in Galata; but the French public has already apprehended the situation, and sees clearly enough that the boldest and ablest intrigue yet set on foot to secure France a footing in Egypt has completely failed. The East is still to pour wealth into London: Marseilles still to hunger for the supremacy nature has refused; and we scarcely wonder that even *Le Temps* talks of the "influence" which has perverted the Sultan's mind.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THERE was one paragraph in Mr. Gladstone's speech on the budget which was read by most thinking Englishmen with mingled annoyance and surprise. It was that in which he described the position and prospects of Ireland. With his usual courage in facing facts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted all that the Secretary for Ireland has denied—a decline continued for three years in population and wealth and profits, in all the more important products of the earth, and in the cattle by which it was assumed that cereals had been replaced. "Ireland," said Mr. Gladstone, "had suffered in three years a decrease of nearly one-third of the total value of the estimated agricultural products, on the principal items or constituents of agricultural wealth, and not very far short of the full amount of the established annual valuation (rental) of the country, which is £13,400,000." And, having made that statement—one which, had it been made of Great Britain, would have been received with a shudder of sick fear, Mr. Gladstone, without one word of sympathy or regret, passed on,—to condole with the English county which has suffered a calamity scarcely greater, though more concentrated in time, and, therefore, perhaps, more visible. This coldness was the more remarkable, because Mr. Gladstone is not one of those who detest the Irish Creed, or who are unable to understand how a race with qualities so widely different from our own may yet be our equals, supplying the very elements of force wanting in the more strenuous but less pliable character. The man who comprehends Cretans cannot be unable to understand Irishmen, nor can the statesman who pleaded for Iazzaroni

be disgusted with the Irish peasant. The omission was a grave one, and may yet bear bitter fruit. By the admission of all observers, Protestant and Catholic, Scotch or Irish Ireland is suffering from one of the most terrible calamities which can afflict a state—a succession of wretched harvests. We have before us a report on the decline in Irish prosperity by Dr. Neilson Hancock, specially deputed for the work by the lord-lieutenant. His report is written avowedly with the single object of proving that there has been no progressive decline, but it confirms and amplifies the terrible picture sketched by Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Hancock does, indeed, prove that the libels of the *Nation* are false, that the rulers are not deliberately driving away the people, that they are not fostering cattle at the expense of human beings, that they are not to blame for a calamity which might have occurred in any land in which so large a proportion of the population is supported by agriculture. But the fact that Ireland suffers from the will of heaven, and not the malevolence of man, does not in the least diminish the extent of the calamity, or the demand for aid, or the obligation of extending that cordial sympathy which the enthusiastic Celtic nature always craves, and which the sterner "Saxon" refuses to him alone. We do not despise the blind because no man destroyed his eyes, and we bear with the sick man when he petulantly ascribes to human agency the disease which can be traced to no human cause. It is annoying enough, no doubt, to be told that England has produced poor harvests, and made the potatoes yield badly, and killed the cows, and sown grass on the wheat uplands, but in all other cases Englishmen consider that misfortune, though it does not justify, still at least excuses querulousness. It is high time to crush down this irritation, and unless we want to see Ireland depopulated, to study the facts which are already creating a second national exodus.

We shall quote Dr. Hancock, the authority most opposed to the Irish view of their grievances, and this is the result. Up to 1856 Ireland had advanced at a steady, though not very rapid rate of progress, had, in fact, about doubled its capital, while losing a third of its population. From that time, however, the progress has been stationary, and during 1860, 1861, 1862 there has been rapid decline, a series, that is, of agricultural losses, amounting to £26,000,000, or nearly two year's rental of the country. The whole of this frightful loss is due to the weather, the acreage of all crops having only declined about four per cent., while the produce has been reduced more than thirty.

		1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.
Wheat	qrs.	1,468,000	1,271,000	851,000	683,048
Oats	qrs.	8,170,856	8,841,000	8,045,000	7,283,000
Potatoes	tons	4,329,523	2,741,380	1,858,433	2,148,204
Turnips	tons	3,462,000	2,627,000	3,392,000	3,792,000
Flax	tons	21,577	23,760	22,568	24,258

the wheat crop, that is, having declined to less than half its amount, the oat crop lost twelve per cent., potatoes more than fifty per cent., and turnips alone of the food crops showing a slight increase. The whole of this tremendous loss fell, moreover, on the tillers. Rents have hitherto been maintained at their level, though there is increasing difficulty in collecting them, and the rate of wages has increased ninety per cent., or from 8d. to 14d. a day. The loss was borne by the farmers, and was paid, in the first place, by the withdrawal of joint-stock deposits to the amount of £1,750,000, by a reduction of expected deposits by £2,250,000, by sales of Government Stock to the extent of £2,000,000 and finally by "a sacrifice of live stock (the floating capital of Irish farmers) to the extent of £6,000,000." Be it remembered that the Irish farmer is, in nine cases out of ten, a working tradesman. The farms are small, and the immense class who, in England, keep up rents and keep down profits by taking farms as a pleasant out-of-door occupation, with little expectation and no realization of profit, scarcely exist in Ireland. These great losses, therefore, have been borne almost exclusively by a depressed but numerous class of working tradesmen, able, perhaps, to meet a bad harvest, but wholly unable to face three in succession. What wonder if the little farmers, utterly bowed down, aware that wages in Western America have risen to four dollars a day, emigrate at the rate of three hundred a day from one port alone (Dublin), that an eviction is regarded as the culminating oppression, that Government is accused of all the misery caused by the elements, that taxes seem extortions and tithes unendurable oppressions, that every agitator is heard with pleasure, and every secret society regarded with hope, that, in fine, at this moment overt disaffection is only checked by the ruinous safety-valve afforded by emigration? The English are very patient, and are aided by a reserve capital without a parallel for amount, but the Home Secretary who governs us after three bad harvests will not have a pleasant or an easy task. What matter of surprise, if a race of whom two-thirds live by the land, impulsive and illogical, taught for centuries to believe every Government malign, and with their minds still ulcerated by the traditions of a passed-away oppression, should vent their wrath in movements only not treasonable because the bone and sinew of the country is so rapidly drifting away?

"Let them go," is the unspoken thought of hundreds who read this statement with pity for the misery which they acknowledge without repairing it. "We can sympathize with suffering, but an emigration which renders it possible to resettle Ireland with a thrifty, industrious, and Protestant population, relieves us of half our difficulties. It is a benefit, not an evil." We have scarcely patience to answer an argument which strikes foreigners as cynically evil, though it is secretly the weight which crushes even benevolent Englishmen into quiescence. It is not possible, unless history is a fable, to be rid of the people of Ireland. Cromwell reduced them to a million, yet, in 1861, they were eight millions again. Resettlement sounds very well, but who, with land in America granted gratis under the Homestead Law in farms of one hundred and sixty acres to every naturalized applicant, is going to take worse land at £2 an acre, encumbered with landlords and clergy and poor-rates and the hate of the relics of a great population? If an Englishman moves, he may as well go to Ohio or Melbourne as Tipperary, and though Scotchmen take more kindly to Ireland, they are too thrifty to multiply fast. But even were it possible, the depopulation of Ireland would be the most dangerous of catastrophes. The empire would lose not only men as good as any remaining, not only the best recruiting ground for her army, but an element of marvellous value in the aggregate national character. There are Englishmen, we believe, who despise the Irish character, and hold that the empire would be the better without the country which saved England in giving us Wellington, and India in the two Lawrences. But cooler heads will doubt whether a dull uniformity of intellect is the best guarantee for a governing race, whether it is not well for a nation more than half Teuton to have the aid of a race more mobile, more sympathetic, with more of those qualities which, when they culminate, evolve genius. Cromwell *plus* Dan O'Connell strikes us as a being far more likely to influence the world than Cromwell alone. Fortitude and perseverance, and capacity for invention, are great qualities, and in all these the Englishman excels the Irishman; but the world would be a dull place without eloquence, and music, and humor, and versatility, and in all these the superiority of the Patlander is, at least, equally manifest. Besides, one has heard of such things as justice and mercy, Christianity

and civilization. Is it justice which refuses even to inquire whether Ireland is or is not suffering under a vast calamity, or mercy which points to a loss of one-third her whole produce as a mere statistical fact, or Christianity which bids us welcome our neighbors' banishment, or civilization which is established when, at the end of a century of effort, we hail a desert as a relief? Our duty is to reconcile Ireland, to make it a part of the empire as much as Scotland, and it is not to the credit of the Liberal party that they refuse to inquire into the facts because those facts are exaggerated, or to remove great grievances because presented in an excited irrational way.

From The Spectator, 16 May.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

New York, April 28, 1863.

THE decision of the court in the *Peterhoff* case, by which the letter-bag was delivered to the district attorney, who immediately handed it over to the British Consul, will have reached you by the intermediate mail of Saturday, should that arrive before the steamer of to-morrow. When this vessel was captured, as the officer ascended her deck on one side, a tin box was lowered from on board on the other, and sunk into the sea. It is presumptive evidence that this box contained official proof that her cargo was contraband, and intended for the aid and comfort of the enemy. The next best evidence of the character of the voyage is supposed to have been contained in the letter-bag—a ship's ordinary letter-bag, by the by, and not a royal mail—and if by it it could be shown that the voyage was innocent, she would have been at once surrendered to her owners with due damages for her detention; while, if it proved the contrary, that detention would have been justified. The decision of the judge was on the ground that it belonged to the United States District-Attorney to say what evidence he chose to have used in the prosecution of the case, and as the attorney asked that the bag might be delivered to him, he accordingly so ruled. The attorney not choosing to use its contents as evidence, returned it unopened to the British Consul. The next step, probably, will be to release the *Peterhoff*. An apprehension that her confiscation would be inevitable if her letters were examined, would seem to be the only possible motive that could prompt their surrender, as the only harm that could come of their examination would be the evidence they might supply of the contraband character of the voyage.

It is understood that both the judge and

the district attorney acted under instructions from Washington. The inevitable conclusion is, that it is the desire of the executive not to further the ends of justice, but that this ship, whatever may have been her destination, whatever the purposes of her owners, should not be confiscated as a lawful prize. Whether there can be any rightful interference on the part of the executive of the State with the judiciary, whether such a precedent can be established without danger to the purity of the Government, are questions which in nowise concern you, however important they may be to us. I do not, therefore, propose to discuss them. But whether such a proceeding is a wise one, so far as it may influence the international relations of the two Governments, is a question which concerns you quite as much as ourselves.

There are two ways of looking at it. It would be a very easy thing to present the case to you as an evidence of the magnanimity of our Government, and as the strongest possible proof of its desire to avoid any offence,—that it is quite willing to set aside all questions of national dignity and national right, and is ready, in its earnest desire to placate your Government, even to interfere with the administration of justice within its own jurisdiction, at any cost of public honor and private right. Looking not beyond this first and obvious view of the case, we might gain something of your good-will, though we forfeited something of your national respect.

But the affair has another aspect, and I present it because I presume you would prefer that I should tell you a disagreeable truth rather than an agreeable lie. It is not so much what the Government *does* as what the people *think*, that most concerns you. Her majesty's ministers may very cordially accept, unthinking people among you may hastily rejoice, and the owners of the *Peterhoff* be very naturally gratified, and all their class with them, that the ship is to be surrendered. And they may all argue—if this is done at the sacrifice of the national honor of the United States, and by a dangerous assumption of power on the part of its executive—that is their affair and not ours. Such reasoning is superficial, for it leaves out of the question the most important element of the case. The Government has given its decision; but what is the judgment of the people? The final Court of Appeal, as to what the relations of Great Britain and the United States shall be, is not the Cabinet of Ministers, not the Department of State, but popular opinion. The law of the court is popularly held, in this case, to be unsound; the interference of the executive branch of the Government with the judiciary is looked

upon as a dangerous assumption of power; and the decision of the judge, and the action of the district attorney, at the instance of the Government, is universally regarded as a deep national humiliation. And inasmuch as Earl Russell, in his letter to the owners of the *Peterhoff*, had justified, in a certain contingency—which the case, as her letters would doubtless have shown, covered—the arrest of that vessel, the popular feeling is that we have humiliated ourselves, as a nation, when there was no necessity for it, and when we had nothing to gain by it. Not only a political crime has been committed, but that worse thing in a statesman, a political blunder.

What is the result? Simply a new complication. Accepting this act as disgraceful to us, we only look as its natural sequences for the loss of your respect. Our Government may deserve this; the people do not. If, presuming thereon, her majesty's Government shall conclude that we have not the manliness to maintain our rights, and that our patience and forbearance are unlimited, under whatever provocation, they will commit a fatal error. The very fact that we have been subjected to unnecessary humiliation by the act of our own executive only serves to nerve the spirit of resistance in the people, and renders them the more ready to hasten and abide by the issue. This popular feeling is the natural and inevitable reaction against the attitude in which the Government has placed the country.

At the moment when the public mind is thus agitated comes the news of the seizure of the *Alexandria* at Liverpool. It would

have been hailed as a good omen of the determination of England to act fairly and justly by us as a neutral power, had we not, at the same time, received the intelligence of the escape of the *Japan*. Men do not fail to note the fact that the first is a small and comparatively harmless vessel, while the other is a second *Alabama*. Could not the *Japan* also have been stopped had there been any sincere wish to do so? The assertion that the authorities were not informed in season of her character is simply not believed here. The popular belief jumps with the fact. Information was given in ample time to arrest the departure of the ship. I speak what I know; and in due time, doubtless, the evidence will be forthcoming. Does England mean thus systematically "to keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope?" Nor do we fail to observe that while the tardy and useless efforts to prevent the *Alabama* from putting to sea are an acknowledgment that her departure should never have been permitted; and are at the same time an assurance, as far as words can go, that should she put into any port, in the islands of Great Britain or Ireland, she would not be allowed again to leave it; nevertheless, she goes with impunity into British Colonial ports there to refit, re-coal, and re-provision, in order that she may again sweep the seas of American commerce. Are your laws powerless in your Colonies, and do your national duties depend upon degrees of latitude and longitude? I beg you not to believe that our eyes are closed or our judgment darkened to those things.

AN AMERICAN.

A RESOLUTION was offered to the Convocation of the University of London on 12 May requesting the Senate to inquire what steps they could take to elevate the standard of female education in this country by drawing up a *curriculum* for the examination and certification of their attainments. It was rejected by a very large majority, composed, however, of very different elements. Not a few of the speakers all but distinctly contended that women should be refined intellectual toys, with which fathers, husbands, and brothers may amuse their hardly earned leisure, and were taxed, not unjustly, with holding much more Mahometan than Christian views, and, in effect, denying women an independent soul. Others, disclaiming this view, pointed out, justly enough we think, that to admit women to men's academical degrees would be holding up a false and futile standard of female education, of which at best only a few in a century would avail themselves, while to form a new *curriculum* for women

would be a work of time and difficulty, for which the Senate of the University of London have no qualifications. Finally, many were contented with the legal opinion which has been delivered, that the University has no power under its present charter to confer such diplomas, or hold such examinations at all. For ourselves, we feel no doubt that a Woman's University is much wanted, and might exercise a very large and beneficial influence on the general course of female education, but that its work would certainly be very inefficiently done by the lawyers and medical men who constitute the majority of the London University Senate.—*Spectator*.

If you except Il Penseroso,
The rest of Milton is but so-so.

WHEN Dido mourned, Æneas would not come,
She wept in silence and was Di-do-dumb.

From The Spectator.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY.

AT Wiesbaden and the other resorts of "Roulettania," the observant traveller will see displayed in the shelves of the book-stalls which surround the Kursaal, pamphlets explaining the mysteries of hazard and developing the secret working of the laws of chance. These pamphlets are wrapped up in sealed covers, with an ominous notification printed on the wrapper to the effect that, after the seal is broken, no money will be returned. If the traveller be ignorant of the ways of this wicked world, and eager to penetrate into the secret which opens the door to wealth, he will expend his thalers or guildens, as the case may be, on the purchase of this book of promise, and when he has acquired the right of perusing it, he will find himself in possession of the important, but not novel information, that the chances are even whether red or black turn up at any given moment. Now, we confess, to our shame, that we have experienced a very similar deception in perusing the "Wanderings of a Beauty." We had our doubts whether we were doing quite right in reading a relation of private scandal, we may have suspected that the entertainment we were about to receive would not be of the most intellectual character; but still we did fancy that we were going to be amused. Without endorsing to its full extent the well-known cynicism of Rochefoucauld, we may safely admit that there is something interesting in the scrapes of our acquaintances. And how few there are amongst men in any way connected with literature to whom Mr. Edwin James was utterly unknown? The fall of the great "Causidicus," as Mr. Thackeray baptized him, was familiar to us all. Breach-of-promise James has been a household word to us for years. His debts, his duns, his difficulties, the fees which he received, and the wealth which he squandered, had furnished matter for many a night of club-room gossip. The defender of Bernard, the elect of Marylebone, the friend of Garibaldi, had occupied no small share in the public eye; and even when, in the expressive American phrase, he "went under," he still contrived to keep alive our interest in his fate. In the moment of his lowest fortunes news came to us from Paris that the great Edwin had won the heart and hand of a wealthy Angelina. Then, after a tempo-

rary eclipse, we heard that the newly wedded pair had chosen New York for their abode; and we indulged the hope that in a new and better sphere, where writs ran no longer, and bailiffs ceased from troubling, the ex-member and patriot might win the position to which his talents entitled him.

Somehow or other Mr. James is not fated to lead a life of uneventful tranquillity. His arrival in the empire city was signalized by the loss of his matrimonial jewels; and then ugly paragraphs began to appear with respect to the domestic bliss of Edwin and his bride. Mrs. James grew jealous, and it was whispered, not without reason; there was a scandal in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a scene in the ladies' reception-room of that gorgeous edifice. Then it was reported that the irate spouse took to attending the trials on which her lord and master was engaged, and suggesting to the opposing counsel allusions as to incidents in her husband's career which, if suddenly introduced, might upset his almost invincible self-possession. After this we were not surprised to learn that, to adopt the language of the regions of high life, a divorce was on the *tapis*, and that the accommodating Legislature of the State of Indiana was likely to be resorted to in order to dissolve the nuptial tie. We took it, as a matter of course, that Mrs. James would write a book. "*Les femmes incomprises*," in the New World, as well as in the Old, always do try to make themselves, their sorrows, and their wrongs, intelligible to the public; they appeal from the villany of the individual to the great heart of humanity.

Mrs. James, we regret to say, has fulfilled our expectations in the letter, but not in the spirit. The title of her revelations is all that we can desire. "The Wanderings of a Beauty" is suggestive of a tale of thrilling interest. The portrait of the decidedly *decolletée* lady, which graces the cover, is exactly that of a heroine of the Yelverton class—of one of that typical order of womanhood who possess a fatal talent for perpetually getting into trouble without the slightest fault of their own. The fact, too, that the memoir is dedicated to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "in token of profound admiration of his genius, and sympathy with his opinions," is in itself full of promise. But when we have paid our money, and become the happy possessor of the "Wanderings," portrait and all, we

find that we are not much the wiser than we were before. Since the days when we spent five shillings to hear poor Lola Montes' lecture on "Love and Courtship," and were treated to a moral discourse, which might have been extracted from the *Family Herald*, we have never been so disappointed as on the present occasion. We wanted to know something about Edwin the unfortunate, and we are bored with a disquisition on spiritualism. Only a few pages of these "*Memoires pour servir a l'histoire de Monsieur mon Mari*," throw any light on the career of the unworthy husband of the lovely Angelina. However, in default of a loaf we must content ourselves with the crumbs. With true benevolence, we will try to preserve our readers from a like fate with our own, by telling them beforehand what they will learn in the memoirs of Mrs. Edwin James.

Evelyn Travers, the heroine of this novel, whose story is narrated by a shadowy confidant and humble admirer, is, when the narrative begins, young, exquisitely beautiful, rich, friendless, and alone. To escape the domestic dullness of her stepfather's household she is over-persuaded into marrying her cousin, Captain Travers; and, by some iniquitous, though incomprehensible intrigue of her heartless mother, is jockeyed into giving up half her property. Her husband turns out to be a brute and a drunken reprobate, and, as he has the cruelty to shave off his moustache after his marriage, he loses the one charm which had endeared him to Evelyn. However, he is kind enough to die of *delirium tremens*, leaving his widow richer and lovelier than ever, with one only daughter, Ella. Previous to her husband's death, Mrs. Travers had formed a warm but purely Platonic *liaison* with a Colonel Melville, a type of manly worth and beauty; and this connection is carried on with renewed ardor after the obstacle to its prosecution is removed. The blooming young widow, however, is in no hurry to reassume the fetters of wedlock, and goes abroad to Italy with the colonel as a sort of lover on good behavior. At Florence she is much admired by the Prince of Syracuse, greatly to the disgust of her devoted swain, as Evelyn is perfectly aware of the notorious character of his royal highness. In consequence of her imprudence her name becomes damaged, though, of course, without

a shadow of justice; and Colonel Melville leaves her in a huff. Too late Evelyn repents, and recalls him to her side; but the colonel has sailed for India, and is killed at the siege of Lucknow.

The lovely widow still remains heart whole, and enslaves by her charms an Italian noble—the Duke of Balsano, who possesses every merit except the slight defect of being rather dull. His capricious mistress plays fast and loose with the unhappy Italian at her pleasure, engages herself to him, then adjourns the marriage indefinitely, finally goes to Paris without him to make up her mind what she ought to do, and meanwhile leaves his letters unanswered. There she falls in, at last, with the ideal man whom she has always longed for—a brilliant American, Philip d'Arcy, a devoted believer in spiritualism. During a long illness she nurses him, at the risk of her reputation, and saves his life. D'Arcy is equally in love with her, but, by some incomprehensible complication, each of them—in spite of the spirits—misunderstands the other, and Philip engages himself to Evelyn's daughter Ella. In despair Mrs. Travers resolves to conceal her grief, and not to allow herself, even in her secret heart, to be her daughter's rival. So, in the coolest way, after months of silence, she writes to Balsano to fix a day for their marriage. The duke unfortunately had got wedded to another lady in the absence of any news from his betrothed, and thus the luckless Evelyn is still left a widow. At this crisis of her fate Sir Percy Montgomery appears upon the scene. This gentleman bears an unmistakeable resemblance to a barrister whose name was not equally romantic. He, too, had lately resigned his seat in Parliament; he, too, was deeply in debt, and professed to be the victim of unmerited persecution that "had put a stop to a career which would otherwise have shortly ended in the cabinet." He was, we are told, "in appearance, a perfect 'John Bull,' that is to say, he possessed a countenance rubicund and somewhat flat, with no very marked features; figure stout, burly, broad-shouldered, thick-set, you perceived at a glance that the animal nature preponderated in the man; nevertheless, the square and rather massive forehead displayed intellect; and the fine teeth, seen to advantage in a pleasant jovial smile of not frequent occurrence, ren-

dered the personal appearance of our friend, if somewhat coarse, not altogether unpleasant."

Really, considering what has passed, we do not think that the original of this portrait has any cause to complain. Sir Percy wins the hand of the lovely Evelyn, borrows a couple of hundred francs from her on the wedding morn to pay his hotel bill, comes down to breakfast "unwashed, uncombed, unbraced, and perfectly innocent of a clean shirt," and in fact exhibits a most repulsive moral character. "He united in his own person those opposite defects which in others are usually compensated by corresponding virtues; he was at the same time a spendthrift and the meanest of men, hasty and imprudent, yet sly and cunning, and with an appearance of frankness he combined an utter disregard of truth. He seemed to lie for the pleasure of lying. His temper was alike quick, vindictive, and revengeful, and his character comprised the opposite qualities of weakness and obstinacy. A general lover of the female sex, he was utterly incapable of individual attachment." He carries his

bride to New York, takes a room alone in a hotel at a distance from his wife, because she refuses to pay the whole of the hotel bill, and generally conducts himself as a brute and a villain. Happily, when his ill-treatment is becoming unendurable, Philip d'Arcy re-appears and detects Sir Percy as a miscreant, who has broken his first wife's heart, driven her mad, and keeps her confined in a lunatic asylum. Thereon Evelyn again finds herself free; the entanglement with Ella and d'Arcy is cleared up, and the wandering beauty is free to marry the man of her heart. This, however, she declines to do out of regard to Philip's pure fame. She declines his proffered hand, and devotes herself to contemplation. "And thus, we learn, it must ever be. Men must *do* great and heroic deeds, and we (women) must *suffer* and *endure*." We have no doubt Sir Percy was a very indifferent husband. But after reading the "Wanderings of a Beauty," even those who bear him most ill-will on this side the Atlantic must feel that he, too, must have had much to suffer and endure also.

A SINGULARLY pertinent question was asked last night by Mr. Liddell in the House of Commons, "Does the Government intend to found an Anglo-Chinese empire?" The debate, extending over several hours, and very good throughout, was listened to by about twenty members—the noble Lord at the head of the Government asleep, apparently, on his seat. In vain Mr. Cobden and Mr. Danby Seymour stormed at this "contempt of public opinion on the part of her majesty's ministers;" there was no echo from the Treasury bench. So, it seems, China may be quietly conquered, or annexed to India, with the tacit consent of our House of Commons.—*Spectator*, 16 May.

COLORED COTTON—NEW VARIETIES.—The United States Consul at Panama has lately addressed to the State Department a communication, giving some facts which are believed to be new. The letter is as follows:

"My dear Sir,—I send you some cotton grown in this city from the seed received from you. I also send you two specimens of cotton from Sierra Pino. The white cotton was taken from a tree seven inches in diameter, the top branches of which are about fifteen feet from the ground, and spread about twenty feet each way.

"The colored cotton was taken from a similar tree. Cotton in that part of Pino is of five or six

different colors. The trees are so full of cotton bolls that you can scarcely see the leaf. They seldom have rain here for the last sixteen years. Pino is situated forty miles east of Paita. Soil sandy, but very productive. Where there is water the soil is best. The trees from which this cotton was taken were planted, but never cultivated. Some English have gone to work thirty miles from Paita in a southeast direction near the coast, and we may reasonably expect to hear of complete success in the culture of this important staple.

"I am, very truly, your friend,
"ALEX. R. MCKEE."

PRONUNCIATION OF NAMES IN -INGHAM.—The vulgarity commonly attributed to the designation "Brummagem," in use by the lower classes, is only due to the modern name of Birmingham. The old Saxon word "Bromwichham" is the origin of the vulgar spelling of Brummagem. See "Birmingham" in the *Gazetteer of the World*, p. 757, published in 1856, by Fullarton, Edinburgh; the spelling is varied, Bromwychem, etc. There are neighboring hamlets of Castle and West Bromwich. A.

The name of Sir Bellingham Graham, who hunted the Staffordshire country, always has been pronounced *Bell-injam* in those parts.

F. C. H. writes Pottingham, but I think he means Pattingham. LITTLETON.

From The Spectator.

THE NATURALIST ON THE RIVER
AMAZONS.*

THIS, as the title implies, is not a compilation, but an original book—a book of great value, and one which adds another to the many claims of the modern man of science to share the palm of martyrdom with the old religious martyrs. In July, 1859, “after eleven years’ residence within four degrees of the equator, the last three of which were spent in the wild country one thousand and four hundred miles from the sea coast,” Mr. Bates returned to England with shattered health, so shattered that he despaired of ever publishing his travels. As it is, we owe their publication to the friendly encouragement of Mr. Darwin, and to the high opinion he expressed of the results of Mr. Bates’s journey. It is, indeed, only necessary to state a couple of figures to show their importance. Mr. Bates confined himself almost entirely to the collection of zoological specimens, but of these he brought home *fourteen thousand seven hundred and twelve* species, of which the enormous number of *eight thousand* were new to science. Natural history readers are probably familiar with the “Travels on the Amazons and Rio Negro,” published by Mr. A. R. Wallace in 1852, after a four years’ residence there. But it will interest them to know that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bates started together, and that Mr. Bates remained seven years longer, having taken, after the first two years, a different route from that of his friend.

The only port of entry to the vast region watered by the Amazons is the city of Pará, seventy miles up the Pará river. Our two naturalists arrived off Salinas, the pilot station in May, 1848, in a small trading vessel, and anchored in the open sea six miles from the shore. To the east the country seemed slightly undulating, with bare sand-hills and scattered trees. But to the westward a long line of forest, seen through the glass, rose apparently out of the water. This was the frontier of the great primæval Amazonian forest, which clothes the whole surface of the country for two thousand miles away to the foot of the

Andes. Here and there, as they sailed up the Pará, a fishing village, with its native canoes, “like toys beneath the lofty walls of the dark forest,” the air excessively close, the sky overcast, the sheet-lightning playing almost incessantly around the horizon, seemed an appropriate foretaste of the gloomy tropical grandeur which, amid wonderful beauty, is the prevailing impression left by Mr. Bates’s account of the Amazonian tropics on the mind of his reader.

The very opening description of the city of Pará produces a strange conflict between the sense of the exhilaration due to the climate and the saddening hush of awe and boding superstition peculiar to the Brazilian tropics. Mr. Bates lends powerful and unexpected, but minute, confirmation to the wonderful instinct with which Mr. Buckle, in his first volume, seized upon the effect of Brazilian nature on the Brazilian man. The hot, moist, mouldy air, striking from the ground and walls like “the atmosphere of the tropical stoves at Kew,”—the white houses roofed with red tiles, the numerous towers of churches and cupolas, the crowns of palms spreading out their hands as it were over the buildings, all sharply carved upon a fierce and gleaming sky,—the perpetual forest locking in the city as in a deadly grip, the ringing of bells and firing of rockets, announcing some Roman Catholic festival—again, the tall, gloomy, convent-like buildings near the port, occupied by merchants and shopkeepers, idle, shabby soldiers carrying their muskets carelessly over their arms, priests, negresses, with red water-jars on their heads, sad-looking Indian women carrying their naked children astride on their hips;—further on, the long street inhabited by the poorer class, houses irregular and mean, with one story, windows with projecting lattice casements without glass, the street unpaved, and inches deep in loose sand, groups of people of every shade, European, Negro, Indian, but chiefly a mixture of all three, gasping out of doors, handsome women, richly jewelled and slovenly dressed, barefoot, or in loose slippers, with dark expressive eyes and teeming hair—all these details contained in a page and a half, stamp a new picture on the mind with all the vividness of a nightmare. “It was a mere fancy,” Mr. Bates modestly says, “but I thought the mingled squalor, luxuriance, and beauty of these women were pointedly in harmony with

* *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*; a record of adventures, habits of animals, sketches of Brazilian and Indian life, and aspects of nature under the equator, during eleven years of travel. By Henry Walter Bates. London: John Murray, Albemarle street.

the rest of the scene, so striking in the view was the mixture of natural riches and human poverty." Man living, listless and small, under the shadow of a nature devouring in her beauty and cruel in her majesty, stupefied under her spell, yet worshipping her tyranny, maddened but unresisting, frenzied but unaspiring, and sadly trailing the same eternal round,—we begin to wonder if men are ever really so or nature ever such.

If anything could add to the truth of the view which ascribes certain states of man to the overwhelming ascendancy of nature, it would be found in the extraordinary rapidity with which European enterprise, wherever it surges, however faintly in, instantly changes the balance of authority between man and nature. Seven years later, when Mr. Bates returned from the *Sertaõ*, or wilderness, so changed in appearance by his exploration that his friends hardly knew him again, he found Pará greatly altered and improved. It was no longer the weedy, ruinous, village-looking place that it appeared when first he knew it in 1848. The population had been increased to something like twenty thousand by an influx of Portuguese, Madeiran, and German immigrants. And for several years past the provincial Government had spent their surplus in beautifying the city. The streets were now completely paved with concrete. The projecting masonry of the irregularly built houses had been cleared away; Most of the dilapidated houses were replaced by handsome new edifices, having long and elegant balconies, fronting the first floors, at an elevation of several feet above the roadway. The large swampy squares had been drained, weeded, and planted with rows of almond and casuarina trees, an ornament, and no longer an eyesore to the city. Sixty public vehicles, *mirabile dictu*, light cabriolets, some of them built in Pará (!) now plied in the streets. But the habits of the people were also already changed. The old religious holidays had declined in importance. Secular amusements,—parties, balls, music, prevailed. Several new booksellers' shops had arisen, a circulating library had been established, and a reading-room, supplied with periodicals, globes, and maps. The sanitary condition had improved, and Pará was now considered (delightful and innocent verdict) no longer dangerous to new-comers. On the other hand, the expenses of living had in-

creased fourfold, house-rent was exorbitant, and the hire of servants beyond ordinary means. Mr. Bates's return to Pará can be compared to nothing so much as the resurrection of Rip Van Winkle from his immortal sleep.

We have purposely placed the first and last impressions of Mr. Bates concerning his landing-place in a juxtaposition, the result of which alone is highly curious. But the chief interest of his work, of course, centres in the intermediate parts. It would be impossible in the brief limits of an article even to touch upon the immense variety of fresh and living materials contained in these two volumes. The general effects alone come within our scope. Once, and almost only once, Mr. Bates heard the uproar of life at sunset, which Humboldt witnessed towards the sources of the Orinoco and described with such scientific grandeur, but which is unknown on the banks of the larger rivers. This occurred on Mr. Bates's voyage up the Tapajos. The noises of animals began just as the sun sank behind the trees after a sweltering afternoon, leaving the sky above of the intensest shade of blue. Two flocks of howling monkeys, one close to the canoe of the traveller, the other about a furlong distant, filling the echoing forest with their dismal roaring, troops of parrots, including the hyacinthine macaw, cawing and screaming without any regard to symphony, the noises of the strange cicadas, one large kind positively emulating the scream of a steam-whistle (surely Mr. Bates *must* be exaggerating), all these joined in the horrible hymn of Even. The uproar, however, subsided quickly. The sky soon lost its intense hue, and the night set in. But then began the tree-frogs—with their quack-quack, drum-drum, hoo-hoo (what can it all mean, for, of course it means something?) and these, accompanied by a melancholy night-jar, kept up their monotonous concert, not, indeed, the whole night, but *until very late*. (We presume this means that Mr. Bates ceased to hear them when he fell asleep.) But the general impression of the Brazilian forests is one of indescribable gloom and silence. The few sounds of birds are of a pensive or mysterious character, which deepens the sense of solitude. A sudden yell or withering scream of agony telling of some defenceless fruit-eating animal pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa

constrictor, breaks the awful silence, only to leave a deeper lull. Or a crash and thunder is heard afar off, as some distant bough or entire tree falls to the ground.

There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for. In this respect the natives seemed often as much at a loss as Mr. Bates. Sometimes a sound was heard like a clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or an unknown shriek rent the air. The natives have a rude mythology of their own. They refer these unaccountable sounds to Curupira, the wild man or spirit of the woods. The attributes of Curupira vary with the locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of orang-otang, covered with long, shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have *cloven feet*, and a bright red face. But Mr. Bates assures us emphatically that none of the Indian tribes on the Upper Amazons have an idea of the Supreme Being, and consequently have any word to express it in their own languages. Their want of curiosity is extreme. Their imagination is dull and gloomy, and their emotions stagnant. The

height of their aspiration is to be let alone. In tone and style Mr. Bates is perfectly good-natured, straightforward, and unpretending. The absence of all striking generalizations, and of any special assumption of poetical feeling, rather adds to the simple charm of his account. It is the view of a devoted and discriminating man, starting on his expedition with the knowledge of a well read naturalist, and the keen observation of an Englishman, but whose vision is, if unaided, obscured by his fancy, and let us say undisturbed by any higher or more delicate flights. The art and elevation of Humboldt are entirely absent. Mr. Bates confirms Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection by several pointed instances; but, on the whole, his book belongs rather to the class of first-rate diaries—a fascinating collection of materials for future edification. But very fascinating it is, nor could we point to any page which is not full of lively interest. Mr. Bates belongs to the small class of men who deserve the earnest gratitude, not only of their own country, but of the civilized world.

On fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—LONGFELLOW.

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

—KEBLE.

That which to-day is not begun,
Is on the morrow still undone.

—GOETHE.

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

—HEBER.

As we go down the vale of life,
With flowers the road becomes less rife.

—HOGG.

O sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried;
Sent, not to punish mortals, but to guide.

—CRABBE.

How often in our listening souls,
By a delightful awe subdued,
God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls
All through the silent solitude!

—WILSON.

The foam-globes on her eddies ride
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain.

—SCOTT.

. . . The gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility and peace and love.
The dews came down unseen at eventide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

—POLLOCK.

For man the living temple is;
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries
He bears with him.

—WHITTIER.

Thou must endure, yet loving all the while;
Above, yet never separate from thy kind;
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil mind.

—M. MILNES.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
If, amidst its weary hours,
Gloomy thoughts and flagging powers,
Thou hast found that thou couldst pray.

By a single earnest prayer
Thou may'st much of work have done,
Much of wealth and progress won,
Yielded not by toil and care.

—LORD KINLOCH.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PUBLISHERS OF
"THE LIVING AGE."

A FRIEND has just sent to us, in *The National Intelligencer* of 10 April, an article which we had overlooked, and which contains an important suggestion of which we think so well, that we submit to our readers the part which concerns *The Living Age*, and may, when paper falls to its proper price, follow the advice of the writer to whose kindness we feel ourselves much indebted.

We think that a series of the best articles from *The Edinburgh Review*, in five volumes, handsomely printed and bound, would be welcome to many libraries. We could furnish as many or more from *The Quarterly Review*. And from the other quarterlies might make up shorter series. To each a volume might from time to time be added from future accumulations. The hint about *Blackwood* and *Fraser* shall be kept in mind.

* * * "To whom indebted for an apparently incomplete table of contents of *The Living Age*, which came in the box from Boston with the "Record," is a matter of very little consequence; but there it was, and, with the entire series of that indispensable magazine, which, as it grows, continues to usurp shelf-room in the humble library of which it constitutes an important part, suggests the contrast and invites it. This table of contents is arranged under the heads of the periodicals from which the valuable selections are made; and while it thus exhibits the vastness of the reservoir which contains reprints of the "crack" articles which have been issued during the past twenty years in the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other reviews, in *Blackwood's* *Fraser's*, and all the other magazines, and in the entire mass of weekly literary and political papers, a second "Record" of comprehensive character is presented, necessary, if one would keep pace with the literature and politics and progress of the age, to every liberally furnished library.

"In this faithful chronicle of *The Living Age*, from week to week, and from year to year, four large volumes annually test the abundance of its stores, and their permanent value. But the very considerable cost of the complete work, now comprehending seventy-six volumes, puts it beyond reach of the many, and particularly of most young men. These must depend chiefly upon the current numbers. It is hazarding nothing to say that the entire series would form the most readable portion of any library which can afford them; and that no man who could procure them would choose to be without them if aware of their great value. This periodical is as much "a power" as any such publication can be.

There are many who would wish to add to their libraries from time to time a portion of the treasure which has been accumulating from the days when they learned to read; and it is somewhat remarkable that the publishers and editor, who has a quick eye for what is useful and entertaining, and a keen perception of the quality of what he handles, have not adopted a plan by which they would gratify and instruct a large class of consumers coincidentally with the advancement of their own fame and interests.

"Why, for example, do they not take the very numerous reprints from the *Edinburgh Review*, containing articles by Macaulay, Stephen, and such like? Of these we count, in one series of seventy-six volumes, something over two hundred. Five or six volumes, not to be approached in permanent value by any equal amount of printed matter, could be made of these two hundred articles which have given all its character during these years to the *Scotch Review* and much of its solid value to the *Living Age*. As the *Age* appears to be stereotyped, it would be an easy matter for the publishers to issue them under the title of *Select Reviews*, by the Editor of *Littell's Living Age*. So large a mass of the best articles from this great time-honored *Review*, issued in a style suitable to a gentleman's library, and of course at a reasonable price, could not fail to command a wide sale. In the present dearth of great works, it would be a windfall to the thoughtful, no less than to the general and superficial reader. The articles from the *Quarterly Review* are about equal in number and might be successfully issued in a like series of volumes, while the *Westminster*, *North British*, and *British Quarterly Reviews* would each, it appears to us, fill a volume or two, for separate publication. *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazines* would, in time, furnish an admirable medley of several volumes of such collections.

"Contrary to the old maxim, 'united we stand,' etc., we would earnestly recommend to the publishers of *Littell* another ancient saying, but in a new application, 'Divide and conquer.' That is to say, let them divide their forces, in order that they may overcome the whole country in such small bodies as could find support, where the whole army of six and seventy volumes, by reason of its numbers, could not obtain forage! We are thankful even to 'the war' for what seems to be an apt illustration of our meaning.

"When Dr. Johnson, after having kept the publisher of his Dictionary in suspense for many weary months for material, sent him the last proof on return of his messenger, inquired, 'What did Mr. Miller say?' he said 'I thank God I am done with him.' 'Said he so? I am glad he has grace to thank God for anything.'"

From The Examiner.

THE QUARTERLIES.

SINCE their first days a change has come over the nature of our quarterlies. They make no more attempt to sustain a character for vigorous originality, and as for a witty article on any subject, its inevitable eccentricity might even be thought to sacrifice the dignity of the review. There is so much rough-and-ready journalism panting to be witty, and only contriving to be smart, that the reviewer in a reputable quarterly disdains to be anything more or less than judicial, grammatical, and well-informed. Every reviewer casts, or endeavors to cast his periods in the same mould of decorous gravity. Avoiding Scylla he strikes on Charybdis. Rightly disdaining to be smart, he quells his just and natural vivacity. But why should a good writer delude himself into the belief that he must make the expression of his thought less lively than the thought itself if he would be respectable? There is the same faulty notion of respectability in public speaking. An able man who can convince a friend in ten minutes by the use of his natural voice, addresses a room full of strangers, not by giving all the more intensity to his own true expression of himself, but by falling into a drawl of monotonous cadences that only irritate the ear. It is not undignified to be natural in saying what is worthy to be said as clearly as good English, and as forcibly as the most genuine, direct expression will permit. It is undignified to be formal where, as in good literature, the object is to be immediately and completely true. We set a very high value upon the present influence of quarterly reviewing, — never was its power to maintain the true standard of literature more important than it is in our own day, — but we believe its service to the public would be even greater than it is if it anticipated the impending doom of all false dignity. To the elastic movement of thought, language must adapt itself with infinite variety of form. With of course occasional exceptions when, through some man of bolder genius who *will* write as he feels, the angel descends to stir the waters of the pool, the pool of English writing in our quarterlies is rather stagnant. If it be asked, what it is that we want when we attack constantly the over-familiar smartness, and the vernacular slipslop of the great mass of popular writing of the day, if we discover also a false dignity of style in works of such substantial mark and value as our foremost quarterlies. We want fearless directness; given something to say that is worth saying, a labor only to express that clearly, just as it is felt. There is no perfect clearness of expression without faultless grammar, and the extinction from each sentence of every re-

dundant word. This ensures good English. But no man can write as he feels when he considers it dignified to reject the little word that lies next to his thought for a word of more syllables that has a bigger or more judicial sound. If a man be in judicial mood his form of speech will take from his mood the right judicial flavoring; but if he be not in a judicial mood, why should he weave himself a wig out of the queen's English? And let us guard this comment against standing for more than it means. Our quarterly essayists are seldom pretentious writers; each brings to his work usually a great wealth of substantial knowledge, gained by compilation or direct experience, upon the subject he discusses, and sets forth clearly what he has to tell. The mistaken notion that there is a dignity of syllables and sentences apart from that of the true thought in its own word leads to no stilted writing. Our quarterly essayists walk firmly on their feet; but they should vary their pace more with their humor, and be less monotonously particular as to the way of rising on their toes.

From The Examiner.

POLAND BEFORE THE INSURRECTION.

AT Warsaw, the three crowned heads held a meeting which seemed to personify all the disasters of the land. It must be said that, to choose Warsaw as a place of meeting between these three masters of Poland—the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia—and to choose it, too, just when all Europe was ringing with the enfranchisement of Italy, was to throw a challenge to our unhappy nation; nor was it long before popular feeling took up a challenge which was the second it had received from Alexander—his first having been that address to the nobility of Warsaw which he had made after the Congress of Paris. After this, demonstrations increased.

One religious service followed the other, in memory of the patriot-poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Słowacki; and on November 29th, 1860, that song was heard, for the first time, which for a year has been the impassioned watchword of the multitude, which has echoed in cathedrals, and which has gone up from the humblest country churches—that “*Boże coś Polskę*”—“Give us our country! O Lord! give us our liberty!” In a short time, the whole face of affairs had changed, and an electric thrill ran through the country. Perhaps it ought to be called a revolution; it certainly was a moral revolution, and it revealed that which had hardly as yet been suspected—the existence of a nation, unimpaired by suffering and by trial. To be a revolution, it had a strange beginning. There was no violence, no bloody intentions, no insur-

rections; but there were psalms and prayers, and manifestations, at once enthusiastic and regulated; and there was an outburst, as energetic as it was unexpected, of that irresistible force which is called the soul of a nation.

Everything converges to that month of February, 1861; and then it was that this Polish insurrection really assumed the character of a passionate drama, full of startling originality. The 25th was the anniversary of that formidable battle of Grochow, in which the Poles, in 1831, disputed for the mastery with Russia during three whole days. . . .

The morning of February 25th dawned dark and misty. They were to go that day to pray for the slain of the battle of Grochow, and, from an early hour, the populace, impelled by one spontaneous passion, thronged the streets. An immense procession was soon formed; they marched without disorder, and with torches in their hands. Before them went a banner, with the white eagle. As they walked they sang the hymn, "Święty Boże"—"Holy Lord God Almighty, have pity upon us; be pleased to give us back our own country. Holy Virgin Mary, Queen of Poland, pray for us." Up to this time, the Government had done nothing to stop the manifestation (it had not even been prevented), when suddenly Colonel Trepow, the head of the police, appeared, and threw two squadrons of the armed police upon this dense crowd. The multitude fell on their knees, and continued their psalm, while being cut down by the troops. More than forty persons were wounded. At this moment the Agricultural Society happened to be sitting, and a violent emotion was produced there by the intelligence that an inoffensive mob had been massacred. Count Zamoyski, the President, mastering his own emotion, endeavored to preserve calmness, and, putting an end to the sitting, he repaired to Prince Gortschakoff, who seemed surprised, and certainly showed conciliatory intentions. The Russian officers were indignant at the tasks assigned to them, and one of them, General Liprandi, went so far as to say that, as long as he commanded the infantry, he would not permit them to be marched upon unarmed men. The truth is, that one more such victory as that of February 25th would have made everything look very doubtful for Russia. The work of thirty years vanished, before the apparition of a people ready to die undefended. The whole town was in inexplicable anxiety, and on the following day mourning was worn for the victims of the previous day.

On the 7th of April, 1861, an immense crowd went to the cemetery to pray for the slain of February. Later in the evening they marched to the square at the castle, which was occupied by troops, and there with loud cries demanded the repeal of the order by

which the Agricultural Society had been dissolved. But this crowd was so far from threatening any violence that the military did not continue to keep the ground, and they dispersed at last, promising to re-assemble on the following evening. Accordingly, on the evening of the 8th, a still larger assemblage repeated the manifestation of the preceding day in front of the castle. The prince lieutenant himself came down and mixed with the crowd in order to appease it. He asked them what they wanted; and the response was unanimous, being contained in these significant words, "We want our country."

For the rest, nothing in this excited course of men, women, and children betrayed any aggressive thoughts, or any intentions of strife. They were warned that they must disperse: but with dark passion they replied, "You may kill us but we will not move;" and before the troops drawn up in order of battle, they remained impassive, till suddenly a post-chaise happened to pass, and the postillion played on his horn the air of Dombrowski's legions: "No never shall Poland perish!" Immediately an enthusiastic cry burst from every breast, and as the populace fell on their knees, a movement was preceptible through the whole crowd. Did the troops believe that they were about to be attacked, or did they obey a command? Were they decided by the plain and conclusive reason, that a resolution to fire had been adopted the evening before, because a stop must be put to this state of affairs?

However it may have been, an instantaneous fire was opened. While some squadrons of cavalry received orders to charge, fifteen volleys from the infantry made many bloody openings in the mass of defenceless beings who now found themselves hemmed in on every side. While being cut down, the crowd continued to kneel and to pray. The women and the children were grouped together on their knees round an image of the Virgin, at the extreme end of the square, and there the people remained until late into the night; so late that the troops had been previously drawn off the ground. It is certain that more than fifty persons had perished, and that the number of the wounded was immense; but darkness has always been allowed to hang over the numbers who fell on that night. An eyewitness wrote with emotion: "Never shall I be able to make you understand this unparalleled contempt of death, which is so enthusiastic that it animates men, women, and children. Old soldiers, accustomed to being under fire, assure me that never, when so close, have the most solid troops preserved a heroism as calm and invincible as this crowd has displayed when furiously charged by cavalry and under fire."—*Narrative of a Siberian Exile.*